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ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, JULY 29, 1893.

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PETER FENELON COLLIER,

No. 323 West 14th Street, New York.

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We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

GOVERNOR WAITE'S hot speech was a hot weather episode, and does not represent Colorado or the advocates of an international gold-silver ratio.

AMERICAN tourists have duties in the premises. *Noblesse oblige*. Let them spend their money at home this summer, and next fall, and right along, until we see what Europe intends to do with that gold-silver ratio.

CALIFORNIA is doing very nicely, and has not found it necessary to issue any clearing-house certificates. Silver men out there favor free coinage, but they will accept any reasonable offer—which is a very sensible attitude worthy of imitation.

ALL who take a practical interest in public affairs are looking forward, not so much to the extra session of Congress, as to that blessed day when our gold will come home from Europe in payment for the excess of American exports over imports.

Do not eat clams less than one and one-eighth inches thick. They are good; but Laurence D. Huntington, Commissioner of Fisheries, forbids the men down at the bay to catch or sell them; and law-abiding stomachs are characteristic of a law-abiding community—sometimes.

It is hoped that the interview-Congressman who talks for publication will either say what he is sure is right or wait until Congress assembles. The extra session promises to be historic. Partisanship must give way to practical patriotism, and patience and moderation must rule over all.

POSTMASTER DAYTON of New York says he needs four hundred thousand dollars increase in his pay roll, and he proposes to get it. Mr. Dayton maintains that the New York postal service is overworked in every branch, and he is right. He says that Mr. Scott of the Bureau of Salaries has been, virtually, the postmaster for years. Mr. Scott should let go.

WHILE discussing the questions of the annexation of Canada, Hawaii, Bermuda and that strip of land that shuts out Arizona from the salt breezes of the Gulf of California, we are too apt to lose sight of the fact that we have been annexing a good-sized European dukedom every few months since the war. But none of the dukedom's money, it seems.

GOVERNOR LEWELLING will send a commission to the World's Fair to make arrangements with foreign governments for trade exchanges with Kansas by way of the Mississippi and the Gulf. Kansas hay, sold in London for forty-five dollars a ton, will not be bought from Kansas farmers for ten, if this scheme materializes. Nor will corn be used for fuel. Make room for Kansas!

SURGEON-GENERAL WYMAN, of the Marine Hospital service, is said to have a staff of six hundred medical inspectors ready to carry out a national quarantine against cholera. Some of them will closely watch all arriving immigrants and others will accompany immigrant trains bound for interior points, to take care of any suspicious case that may develop in transit or at destination. We hope the report is true, for nothing less thorough will answer.

THE French-Siamese War, the gold-silver war, the expected European war, the continuous war between right and wrong, and the elemental war said to have been precipitated by the meddling of Camille Flammarion's sun spots with the weather of earth, are all progressing apace. Taken together they have brought about that uncomfortable but remediable state of affairs wherein about every other man is hot under the collar, regardless of the latitude of his domicile.

SO THE World's Fair will be closed on Sunday. Congress, in the first place, made an appropriation with that condition attached, and Congress is supposed to represent the majority of the people of this country. No law-abiding citizen has a right to feel aggrieved. There is no intolerance. It is a matter of choice, the choice of the majority. And the majority must rule. Had the decision been the other way, the Sunday-closing people would have

been bound to acquiesce. Let all do so now, and do it without noise. There is noise enough already, and to spare.

THIS will never do. Exports during the twelve months ended July 30, 1892, amounted to \$1,030,278,148; for the twelve months ended June 30, 1893, they were only \$847,433,147. Imports for the year ended June 30, 1893, were \$941,076,128, against \$827,402,462 for the year ended June 30, 1892. Are the people themselves doing this? If we are, how can we hope to hold our own in the monetary world? Silver will surely be demonetized, and monometallism will prevail if this balance of trade against us continues. What can that \$941,076,128 imports consist of? Do we need to buy that much away from home?

THE GRAND JURY IN DANGER.

BROOKLYN had thirty miles of a street railroad franchise to dispose of to a responsible corporation. The successful bidders were the Brooklyn City and Nassau Electric Railroad Companies, bidding on a basis of a certain percentage of the gross receipts. The Union Street Railway Company offered two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for twenty of the thirty miles. Representatives of this company assert that they were kept in ignorance of the percentage plan until after it was adopted, and that they would have paid the percentage in addition to the cash amount stated.

The Grand Jury took testimony and found that the bidding was illegal, unfair and fraudulent. The Aldermen and Mayor BOODY were censured. Regret was expressed that, under the law, they could not be indicted.

Mayor BOODY refused to submit to such censure and applied to Judge MOORE for an order turning over to him, the Mayor, all the minutes of the Grand Jury. The order was granted, and Mayor BOODY now has the names and the recorded testimony of all the witnesses who testified before that body against himself and the Aldermen. It is understood that a formal defense will shortly be made public, and it is not unlikely that some of the witnesses will be prosecuted for perjury.

Now, this is all wrong—from the beginning. The Grand Jury's function is primarily to examine probabilities. It should either present the accused for trial or keep still about him. If, as in this case, the law cannot reach the alleged wrongdoers, the Grand Jury has no more to do with them, for it is organized for the purpose of inquiring into alleged infractions of the law. So much for theory.

In practice, no man will submit, or should be asked to submit, to a charge which can neither be refuted nor proved, without calling to account the witnesses who testified against him. Witnesses always go before the Grand Jury with the understanding that that body's deliberations are secret.

It is not clear how, under the law as it is, Judge MOORE had the right to turn the minutes of the Grand Jury over to Mayor BOODY. But the first misstep having been made by the published censure of the Mayor and Aldermen, the second misstep quickly followed. The accused demand a vindication now, by the wrong method, which a formal presentment by the Grand Jury would have given them an opportunity to get in the first instance, by the proper and legal method.

The chief if not the only result of the Grand Jury's censure in this case will be the intimidation of future witnesses before all such bodies. The chief recommendation of the Grand Jury at present is that its deliberations have the widest possible latitude; witnesses are examined with all their prejudices, animosities and personal motives laid bare, under cover of secrecy; and the Grand Jurors themselves, whose decision is neither final, nor actionable, nor injurious to the accused (under the secrecy system), are likely to make presentments judicially and without fear and without prejudice. If the Grand Jury is not to be secret, it ought to be abolished. If it gets into the newspapers it will certainly be in danger of publicity.

THE WAR IN SIAM.

THE French Admiral HUMANN says the Siamese hit him first and that he hit back. There must be some mistake about this, for neither party seems to have been hurt or injured, and if a French warship or a rifled cannon in a Siamese fort do not hurt, it must be because they do not hit anybody. The best available remedy for this trouble in Siam would be to talk it out. This, of course, would give the advantage to the French, which is the language of European diplomacy, but not so serious an advantage as if the dispute were settled by the French armament. It was at first given out that the *catus belli* was a quarrel over the boundary between Siam and Anam. It seems from later advices that France is seeking to avenge the massacre of a M. GROSQUIN and party by the Siamese, the circumstances of which are not explained. This makes the affair look more like a war of aggression on the part of France.

On the 18th of July France sent her ultimatum to Siam demanding that it be accepted in forty-eight hours. It provides for an indemnity of three million francs to the republic, exclusive of the claims of private individuals. The ultimatum also declares that if Siam does not agree to these and other demands in the time speci-

fied, the French fleet will at once occupy the Menam River and blockade Bangkok, the capital. If the terms of the ultimatum are accepted, the French will require permission to occupy one of the forts or a safe anchorage at the entrance to the Menam.

The Paris *Figaro* says that the French ultimatum sent to Siam demands that the Siamese evacuate the left bank of the Mekong River, and that guarantees be given by the Siamese Government for the faithful performance of its treaty obligations, and indemnity be paid for outrages perpetrated by the Siamese upon the French.

The French are already in possession of the lower Mekong River, and, if Siam concedes the demands now made upon her, the river will be made almost entirely French. A short time ago the river was acknowledged to be a considerable distance to the westward of the French sphere of influence in Anam. A mountain range lies a long distance to the eastward of the Mekong, and the French claimed no jurisdiction to the westward of this range. Recently France claimed the entire watershed to the westward of the mountains to the river, and now she demands that the Siamese evacuate the western bank, which would place both banks of the river, for the greater part of its length, in possession of the French. This would give to France jurisdiction over certain parts of the Laos States, now tributary to Siam. In its more northerly course the river separates the Shan States, under British control, from the Laos States. If France gets possession of this territory she desires, her newly acquired possessions will border on what is practically British ground.

TIME FOR MODERATION.

THE bank failures in Denver and Kansas City are attributed to want of confidence in some of the people out beyond the Mississippi. It is alleged that banks are afraid to lend money in the States whose executives are Governor WAITE and Governor LEWELLING and Governor STONE—Colorado, Kansas and Missouri. This is a very serious matter—even the allegation.

Governor WAITE'S fiery utterance has been heralded through all the States and across the water, where so many of our discontented and unwilling creditors are at present keeping their hands on their pocketbooks every time they see an American abroad. How much better it would have been to let Governor WAITE'S ill-considered talk die out with the honest though mistaken State pride that inspired it, and give prominence instead to the well-known fact that Colorado is as safe a State to loan money in as any other State of the Union.

Governor LEWELLING of Kansas was elected by a fusion of Populists and Democrats. He entertains advanced views on the rights of farmers and other producers, and has shown himself a very aggressive Executive in his dealings with the Republican party in that State. But Kansas is merely a debtor State to a great extent—nothing worse. Its mortgaged homes and farmsteads have paid immense tribute to the money-lenders of the wealthy East. Through droughts, crop destruction and winter blizzards Kansas people have been fairly solvent debtors. When they chanced to be otherwise their broad acres and primitive houses were taken from over their heads and from under their feet, and their plowshares sought new fields of usefulness further west, in the desolate and uninhabited public lands, in the Cherokee Strip, anywhere to make a living for themselves and their wives and children. There is no politics in this. There is no communism here. There is no repudiation of mortgages! We should not be too severe upon such people. Kansas has her heart in the right place. A little patience, no driving, and no harsh criticisms of an unfortunate debtor people—a bountiful harvest this year, and equitable dealing on the part of creditors, will pull Kansas through and place her where she naturally belongs in the course of a few years—namely, among the first rank of our newer generation of States.

Governor STONE of Missouri has been sharply criticised for a speech he made in this city some time ago, in which he took advanced ground in favor of silver coinage. But the State of Missouri is not even classed as a debtor State. St. Louis on one side and Kansas City on the other are two of the most substantial cities in the Union—St. Louis, old, conservative, wealthy and solid in its varied commercial and industrial enterprises; Kansas City, young, hustling and ambitious, with its network of railroads, its packing-houses and its grain elevators, draws tribute from the Golden Wheat Belt of Kansas, Nebraska and the Southwest. No bank need be afraid of Missouri.

We must take our time. This financial uneasiness is nothing more than has been felt for years in their turn by the most wealthy nations. Worse, far worse, has befallen Argentina, Australia, and even Germany, Austria and Italy within the past few years. But it is not necessary that we should have anything approaching a panic, and we will not. Confidence and moderation; just payment of debts; avoidance of over-promoted booms and bonanzas, and of destructive competition; a prompt squelching of demagogues by popular enlightenment; a thorough squeezing of water out of stocks instead of a "pound-of-flesh" squeezing of

the last cent out of the debtor or the would-be borrower—these, together with a stiff upper-lip and a determination to do the right and neither ask nor concede more than what is right, will pull us all through all this calamity yet.

Unless justice, moderation and fair play prevail against all the powers of financial evil, we will have to prepare ourselves for a real panic. Which shall it be? We cannot throw all the blame on the three Governors.

THE "VICTORIA" DISASTER.

THE court-martial at Malta will probably find that the late Admiral TRYON issued an impossible order and perished, together with more than four hundred others, in the attempt to have it executed; or that the maneuver was a difficult one and MARKHAM'S *Camperdown* failed to co-operate and made too short a turn in too small a space, thus causing the collision.

The theory that TRYON, seeing all was lost, voluntarily perished with the rest, acknowledging—"It was all my fault," is advocated by many. If it turns out to be the true explanation, there is a brave man gone into eternity who was not all brave. No orders and no provision made for the releasing of the boats and the saving of the lives of his luckless men—"Let us all die together, boys"—this might be justifiable in time of war, when surrender to the foe would be unthought of; but in a senseless maneuver, insanely conceived and hastily attempted—for which TRYON and no one else was to blame—it is not even daring. It is cowardly.

Nil de mortuis nisi bonum; but the truth now may be of benefit in the future. It is much to be feared that TRYON and the other officers had attended too many receptions. This will not bring back the dead who were penned in and slaughtered and forbidden to escape; but it may save seamen's lives on some other occasion.

AN INNOCENT MAN.

AT the Western Pennsylvania Penitentiary, on the 19th of July, District Attorney CLARENCE BURLINGHAM, Attorneys L. K. PORTER and W. J. BRENNAN, Notary Public C. C. LEE and Stenographer J. BEAL took the depositions of GALLAGHER and DAVIDSON, in which those two convicts confess that they swore falsely against Labor Leader HUGH DEMPSEY, who was convicted of poisoning workmen at Homestead several months ago. DEMPSEY's attorneys claim to have plenty of evidence outside to corroborate the confession of these two self-confessed perjurers.

Throughout his trial DEMPSEY had every mark of the innocent accused. He denied no statement that was true, even if it was damaging. He was evidently trying to conceal nothing. He was nervous and confused at times in his testimony, as what innocent man will not be with an undeserved imprisonment hanging over him? DEMPSEY was a very poor witness; but everybody will rejoice to hear that the investigation just set on foot will substantiate his claim that he is innocent of the fiendish crime of which he was convicted.

NOT IN IT.

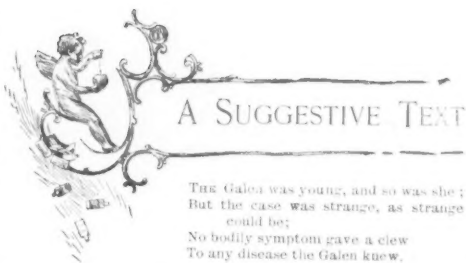
UNDER date of July 1, ONCE A WEEK had a full-page illustration, specially prepared for that issue, of the sinking *Victoria* as she plunged bow downward and half turned upon her side, showing her guns, machinery and relative position with reference to the *Camperdown*.

The London *Graphic* and the *Queen* of one week later have just come to hand having practically the same picture specially prepared by the leading artists of England. These illustrations are strikingly similar to ours, even in many of the minor details, and especially in the bold, prominent lines that characterize the three artistic efforts.

But the demands of American illustrated journalism made it necessary that ONCE A WEEK should be at least a week in advance of our London contemporaries. Of course, when it was a question of getting a reliable illustration of the most appalling disaster of the century out on time, the *Queen* and the *Graphic* were not in it with us.

CINCINNATI is not saying much these talkative times. The Athens of America is attending to business, however, and building the same on a solid foundation of conservatism and cash transactions. Occasionally, however, the wicked find an entrance. M. T. Flynn, a street contractor, has been in a contractors' "combine." The others tried to freeze him out, and one day last week, before the Board of Administration, he exposed the scheme. In it, he said, were Contractors Hinkle and Sullivan, E. O. Robinson, Charles Dannanbauer, Mr. Graham, who represents the Graham Brick Company of Portsmouth, O., and Mr. Grant, the representative of the East Clayton brick people in Columbus. Their plan was to compare bids on work and distribute contracts among themselves, thus obtaining high prices from the city which has lost thousands of dollars thereby. An explanation from the accused is in order. The finances of this country are sufficiently disturbed without any "combines" from staid, solid Cincinnati to aggravate the situation. Confidence must be maintained in Cincinnati and restored in every other city.

THERE is cholera in Naples. Watch the ships. Keep the United States clean, cheerful and strong.



A SUGGESTIVE TEXT

The Galen was young, and so was she;
But the case was strange, as strange
could be;
No bodily symptom gave a clue
To any disease the Galen knew.

And the patient languished day by day,
"Till he in his sympathetic way
Averred: "My dear, you must be in love,
As my futile nostrums sadly prove."

With tremor the truth she then confessed,
"And does he not know?" In tones distressed,
"He does not even suspect," she said,
"And will you not tell him?" Low her head

Drooped, as she answered him: "No, O, no!"
"Tell me, at least, so that I may show
My skill in advising. Doctors should,
In all such cases, effect some good."



"Come then to-morrow," she said, "and—well—
Perhaps—I shall courage have—to tell."
He came again the following day,
But not one word did the patient say.

Yet she gave to him, with blushes bright,
A paper, and vanished from his sight,
He opened and read with wonder: "Book
The Second of Samuel. Kindly look

For Chapter the Twelfth, verse seven." He found
The text. How madly his pulses bound!
And all who their Bibles read will be
Enlightened as well, and instantly.—C. H. THAYER.



A MISSION OF FLOWERS.

OF the ministration of flowers there is no end. Like "the quality of Mercy" in the "Merchant of Venice"—"it droppeth like the gentle dew from heaven upon the earth beneath." And it is a charming encouragement that has met us in recent years—the more customary and frequent use of flowers in all functions and with relation to all associations. Florists abound, now, where formerly they were unusual. And peripatetic vendors of flowers meet us in the crowded thoroughfares, while funeral processions pass us, often with the hearse half filled with the choicest floral structures, or even a special carriage allotted to this duty of strewing with flowers the pathway of the dead to the grave.

At the sick-bed, flowers are seen as commonly as drugs. The convalescent, opening sad and weary eyes upon the things of this life again, and meeting the gorgeous coloring of roses, the pure pallor of lilies and jasmines, the modest beauty of violets and pansies—feels that the objects of this world are worthy of a little more and a little better knowing.

If to the well-to-do and those who have abundant friends, flowers have become a necessity, how much more must this be the case among the poor and the friendless? In the present issue of ONCE A WEEK we illustrate scenes in the tenement-house district of New York, in which flowers play their part. The "University Settlement" makes a specialty of supplying the sick, the poor and the unfortunate with flowers and plants. It is a beautiful sentiment that has originated and now conducts this charity, and it should be not only commended, but aided. A glance at the graphic pictures which we present will indicate the pathos and the tenderness that combine in such a condition as exists in our tenement-house district—when brightened by the unexpected advent of the wealth and beauty, the charm of hue and the delight of perfume, which flowers alone of all God's creations can supply. The little child nursing its single plant obtained at the "Neighborhood Guild," or from the "University Settlement," is made happy with a delight which can be afforded in no other way. The infant, asleep in its poor lodgings with a daisy clasped in its chubby fist, is an object lesson of wondrous worth in the kindergarten of life.

Then the windows in the "slums," the fire-escapes, the roofs—all are made receptacles for plants and jars of flowers whenever a generous liberality permits of the display. Such beautifying of the surroundings of the darker side of a great city cannot but be healthful and encouraging. The influence is altogether sweet and tender, and serves to ameliorate, if not to obliterate, many of the harder and darker passages in the life of the struggling poor. The fact that the "University Settlement" is distributing flowers from its headquarters at 26 Delancey Street among the poor of the East Side is one that ought to be widely known, and which ONCE A WEEK is glad to be the means of circulating.—(See page 12.)

INJUDICIOUS DISCUSSIONS.

IF the uneasy spirits of the Church would only subside for a while there would be some chance to forget the Satolli-Corrigan-McGlynn-Burtzell-Ducey controversies. To humble laymen it looks a little like too much discussion in public prints of topics that ought to be settled with closed doors. The worst of it all is the scandal caused by these unnecessary discussions and the cruel injustice done to worthy prelates by the misrepresentations of people who seem more solicitous of their personal dignity than of the true interests of the Church. How senseless has been all this talk about Archbishop Corrigan defying Ablegate Satolli is shown by the following letter which we copy from the *Sun*:

A CARD FROM ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SUN":

SIR—In the interest of truth, and out of respect to the Most Reverend Delegate Apostolic, whose words have not been accurately quoted, I deem it proper to make known that portion of his letter which refers to the petition presented to him May 28, 1893:

This afternoon, at half-past three o'clock, a committee of twelve citizens of New York presented themselves to me with a petition that I should interpose my good offices for the purpose of obtaining the return and restoration of the Very Rev. Dr. Burtzell to the parish of the Epiphany, or to another, in the city, of equal importance in a moral and financial point of view.

I make it a duty to indicate this to your Excellency, so that, in your charity and prudence, you may judge if, and how far, and in what manner, it may be expedient to condescend by your own authority to their request. It would perhaps make them more attached and deferential to you, as they desire to be.

Please let me know your opinion and decision in the premises. The devoted clergy and faithful of this diocese will perceive that the above letter contains neither a command nor an explicit request on the part of the Most Reverend Delegate.

M. A. CORRIGAN, Archbishop of New York.

New York, July 18.

DR. MEYER, an alleged poisoner for insurance money, was brought to New York from Detroit last week charged with the murder of one of his tools named Baum. If he is the Dr. Meyer, or the individual who is wanted, he has poisoned upward of twenty different persons. His wife, who is at present in a lying-in hospital in Detroit, is also wanted to stand trial. Murder by poisoning has become horribly prominent in the end of the century, and, more horrible still, perhaps all the poisoners are not caught or even suspected. The persons who administer medicine, and the person who is allowed to sell either medicine or poison, must be in future under the strictest legal restrictions, and possessed of very exceptional moral as well as intellectual qualifications. Or better yet, it might be advisable to throw physic to the dogs altogether. The art of healing, with the exception of surgery and hygiene, is largely the whim of patients and the greed of quacks, anyhow.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the New York *Recorder* had the enterprise to set a silver dollar on edge in a picture, and the Government Secret Service visited the office and seized the plates on the ground that they came within the statute against counterfeiting. Now, we should like to explain about the silver dollar's size, if it were to contain a gold dollar's worth of silver at the present market price of both metals. But, with the *Recorder* as a terrible example before us, we must refrain from pictures, though they are in our special line. In the absence of "counterfeit presentments," then, let the reader describe a circle two inches in diameter. Within this circle place your standard silver dollar. See?

THERE is an improved tone in Wall Street and Denver, after a shrinkage of fifty million dollars in stocks in the former and the failure of a dozen banks in the latter. Was it a purgative tonic or a tonic purgative? Or is it all monetary stage play? It is somewhat of a puzzle, at all events.

THE Miners' Federation of England have been holding conferences in Birmingham which may result in the greatest strike England has ever seen. Arbitration may step in, as it always does in England, to "jolly" the boys along for a while longer.

THE young Khedive of Egypt, Abbas Pacha, does not seem inclined to remain the nominal vassal of the Sultan, the titular ruler of Egypt and the pliant tool of England, all at one and the same time. Abbas Pacha should not be blamed.

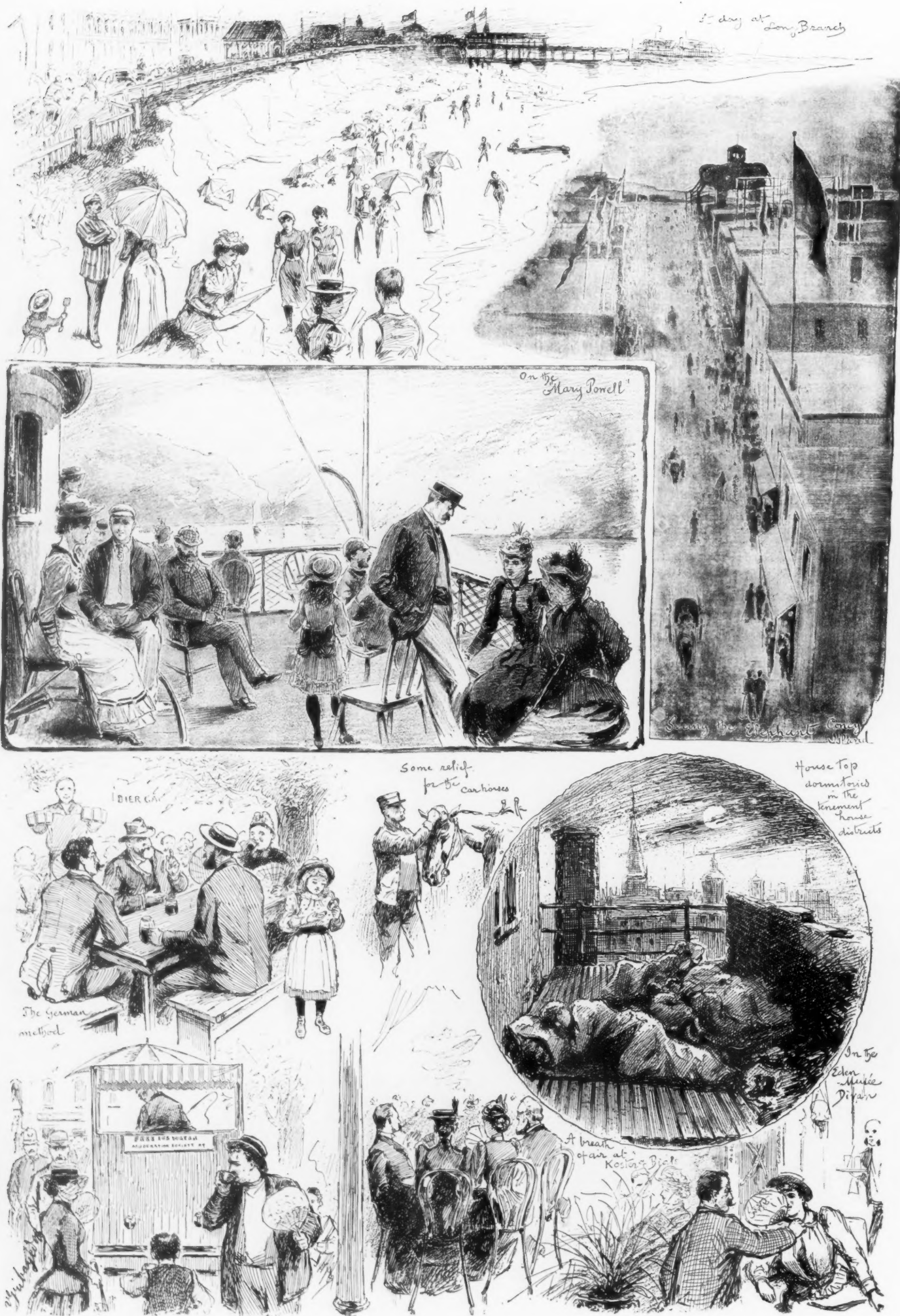
THURSDAY, July 20, nearly a million dollars in currency was shipped from New York to St. Louis bankers, who have undertaken to assist the money market of Kansas City and near-by points. There is nothing the matter with St. Louis.

IS it not sad to see the sturdy immigrant leaving golden Europe and coming to the United States to get paid in depreciated dollars? Ehen, woe and alack-a-ds!

THERE is no depreciation in the value of the silver dollar that pays for the workman's groceries. At least, we hope there is not.

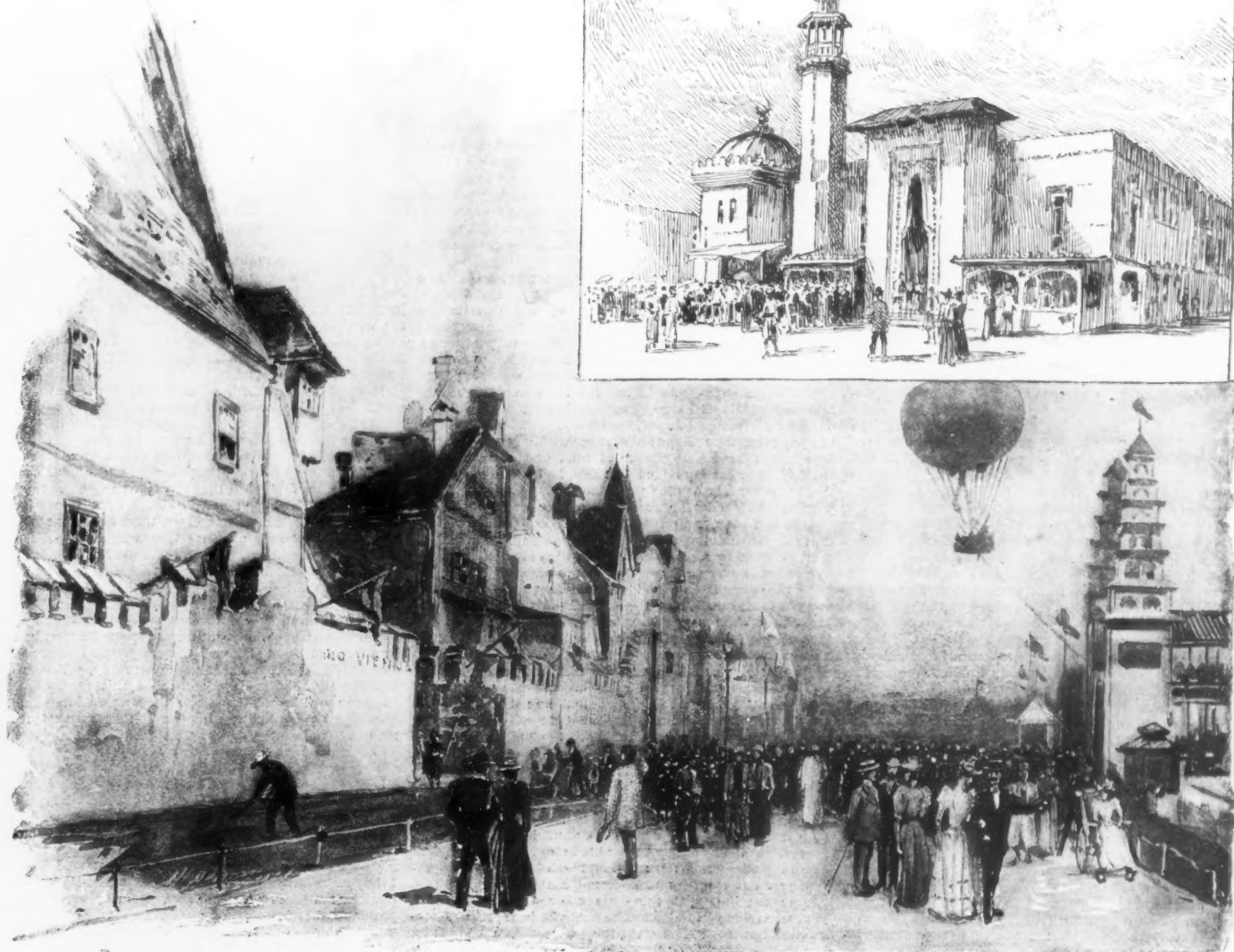
WITH a bountiful harvest, short crops abroad and confidence restored, even lenders should cease to be uneasy.

THE war between France and Siam seems to be a "go."



DODGING THE DOG DAYS—SOME WAYS OF ESCAPING MIDSUMMER HEAT.

ALGERIA AND PERSIA.



INTERIOR OF OLD VIENNA.

WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO—MIDWAY PLAISANCE, LOOKING WEST.
SHOWING OLD VIENNA AND CHINESE THEATER.

(See page 3.)



THE Athenians, according to Socrates, were always looking for some new thing. There are several points in which we do not resemble the Athenians; but in our thirst for new things, we are, mentally speaking, their twin brothers. And printing, that greatest of inventions, has placed us in a position to indulge our passion to an extent unimagined by the Athenians or by their philosophic and imperturbable critic. The daily newspaper exists by dint of its daily supply of news. It contains so many pages, holding an average of between ten and fifteen thousand words each; and the value and circulation of the paper is determined by the amount of news which those columns of words comprise.

The ordinary paper consists of some eight pages, five of which are devoted to news, or to news and editorials (which are sometimes news, too, to those who had permitted themselves to form opinions of their own from the news columns), and the remainder to advertisements, which also attempt to be "newsy," for fear the public will otherwise get used to them and pass them by. All this has to be got out every four-and-twenty hours; and when you come to think of it, that is a considerable undertaking. There must be no repetitions from yesterday, except that the editorial page, in times of political elections or partisan quarrels, may and does ring the changes upon certain statements or opinions, which may or may not be founded in the Eternal Verities; at all events, they must be made credible somehow; and if they happen not to be of a character to recommend themselves by their obvious truth, then they must be inculcated by repetition. For every newspaper must maintain the reputation of being about ninety-nine per cent. absolute truth, the remaining one per cent. being conceded to our human liability to error. The circumstance that, in the opinion of rival papers, any given journal is made up of ninety-nine per cent. error and a questionable one per cent. of truth has nothing to do with the matter.

It is at once obvious that the ancient Athenians had one immense advantage over us, in that the world was, comparatively, a new and unexplored place in their day; and, had they had a printing press, it would have been an easy matter for the editors and reporters to fill the newspaper with genuine novelties during every one of the days of the three centuries or thereabouts of the existence of Athens as a free and independent republic. Imagine an unknown world, full of unknown peoples, and teeming with unsuspected events and phenomena! Is it not enough to make a newspaper man's mouth water and his heart palpitate? Suppose one of our great metropolitan journals could contrive to place a reporter in the planet Mars or Jupiter, and establish a wire between that globe and its own office in Printing House Square! What a "beat" were there, my countrymen! What a market for new editions and extras! And the circulation, instead of being counted by the hundred thousand, would advance by the hundred million. It is true that the public, after a while, would begin to get critical and ennuied, and would write letters to the editor, wanting to know why he did not give us something from Saturn and Mercury, instead of forever harping upon those old chestnuts, Jupiter and Mars. But the universe is wide, and it would be a long time before the whole starry host was exhausted. Perhaps by the time the end was reached we might have got over the sharp edge of our appetite for news, and be willing to accept, for a change, something in the nature of sane and profitable information.

But to return to our disadvantages as compared with ancient Athens. With the exceptions of the North and South Poles, and I know not what unconsidered and immaterial corners here and there in Central Africa and places like that, there is nothing new left us in the way of geography or ethnology. The kodakist, the tourist and the naturalist have put so many girdles round the earth that our poor old mother has not a single new word to say for herself. She is a back number, and is really a good deal in our way, like any superannuated person whose remarks and existence have begun to fill our souls with weariness and satiety. Science is still making heroic efforts to extract something new out of her venerable but uninvigorated carcass; and anything novel in the way of comets or coronas is tolerated, *frat de mieux*. As to panting politics, they toil after the flying feet of the modern reporter in vain; he is always at least a day in advance of them, so that by the time anything is really accomplished in that field he has announced it, discounted it, contradicted it and substituted something better for it several times over. Then there is religion. Fortunately for newspaper enterprise, the doctors of religion have taken to disagreeing with one another lately, and throwing each other out of the "true fold," thereby supplying the public with columns of news and comments, embellished with outline portraits and character-sketches, and enriched with editorial hints to quit fighting and exhort the spectators round the ring to live in peace and Christian amity. But we have begun to wax so familiar with contested points of doctrine and the decrees of ecclesiastical councils that the time is at hand when these will no longer attract us, and we must be conciliated with some flagrant personal scandal on the part of those whose profession it is to mediate between God and us, else we will begin writing to the editor again. He, poor gentleman, rather than disappoint us and let the rival editor get

ahead of him, would gladly bring about the scandal himself; but he has only too much to attend to without that.

But though the world, in her scientific, religious and political aspects, be practically exhausted for newspaper purposes, there still remain, Heaven be thanked, the rich mines of social and personal mention and the annals of crime. And, albeit there is a good deal of sameness even about these, regarded intrinsically or in themselves, a flavor can always be imported into them by the publication of names and addresses and other particular circumstances. A murder is nothing; but when we learn that the very John Smith of our acquaintance, who used to come to dinner and spend the evening, with his wife and daughter, has—by that wife and daughter—been hammered to death with clubs and disemboweled, and that they have then fled to parts unknown with the property of the deceased, and with the coachman and the cashier of the local bank—why, truly, that is another pair of shoes! Here is a newspaper which it is worth one's while and two cents to buy. Just fancy that we might never have known the true inwardness of those Smiths had it not been for the newspaper!

Or let us suppose that some eminent personage—a leading statesman, for example—owing to the lack of opportunity for exercise and hygienic living which are inseparable from his duties as an overworked public servant, has fallen into a phrethoric habit, with its accompaniments of shortness of breath, rheumatism, neuralgic toothaches and the like. How could we hope to acquire information upon these matters were it not for the enterprise of our newspaper? But the reporter has interviewed—not the eminent personage himself, for he wouldn't have it, but—the physician who might have attended him, or the trainer who might have had charge of him, or the crank who would like to have quacked for him, had there been any necessity for his or their services; and each of these worthies tells what he would have done or would do in case he had been or were to be called in. These preliminary reports having been published at full length, it is then assumed by a cloud of readers who have theories of hygiene that every disease that has chanced to be alluded to by the original experts is actually in possession of the eminent statesman, and they all sit down and write to the editor their several and incompatible specifics for these diseases, with an occasional word of moral rebuke and exhortation thrown in—not addressed to the editor, or to the physician, trainer or quack, but to the statesman—because it is evident that disease is sin, and the statesman would not be diseased had he not transgressed the Mosaic law somehow. By the time all these letters and dissertations have been printed, the public have settled down to the conviction that the eminent statesman is no better than a moral and physical leper; and it is now in order to print pictures of the gentleman, or of parts of him, which can afterward be cut out and pasted together, taken as he was emerging from his bath or just about to step into it, and revealing his deformities in their full horror. You may have had doubts before as to the perfect accuracy of the reporter's description of the eminent personage as a three-hundred-pound mass of blubber and rotteness; but, with this dismembered portrait before you, what are you to do? The portrait is from a photograph, of course? It is true, the paper does not say it is; but neither does it say that it is not, and we know that all newspaper drawings nowadays are based on photographs. It is a pity that so eminent a personage should turn out to be so repulsive, unwholesome and reprehensible a creature; but, on the other hand, what a nose for news that paper has!

Or, again, say that somebody has been saying something derogatory of the intellectual or domestic character of somebody else, and that the latter has either not happened to see the item, or, being wise in his generation, has refrained from reading it. Were things permitted to take their natural course, it would pass away and be forgotten; but to permit that would be to show a flagrant disregard for, or ignorance of, the value of news. So the reporter is dispatched on his holy mission. He intercepts the abused person just as he is on the point of escaping to parts unknown, and confronts him with the item; what has he to say to it? Oh, it's of no consequence, says the person, still endeavoring to board his train. But the item is under his nose, and read it he must. And so, at last he does. It makes him angry, and he proceeds to sharpen his wits to give the abuser as good as he sent. This is in turn carried to the latter, and he invents a fitting rejoinder; and the mischief is afoot, and column after column of news is poured forth. All this, but for "the nose for news," would have been irremediably lost.

The persons thus dilated upon need not be prominent; it often happens that they have never before made their appearance in print. They can always be described as belonging to "the first families" of their particular locality, wherever they may chance to be. Their importance, if it do not exist otherwise, can be created by the size of the scare headings, and by the terms in which the enormity of their conduct is set forth. A grocer in Mulleville has had a disagreement with his wife, and somebody has overheard them scolding one another. He communicates his version of the dialogue to a local reporter, who has a nose for news. The reporter is too much a man of the world not to know that a little smoke must mean a great deal of fire, and perceives that this disagreement is merely the latest outcome of a long series of conflicts, occasioned by some outrage on one side or the other which demands ventilation. With his mind fixed in this persuasion, he interviews the parties. Being artfully and sympathetically interrogated, the wife of the grocer, who had nearly forgotten the incident, recalls it with imaginative additions; and her version being submitted to her husband, with an intimation that the paper will afford him an opportunity to state his side of the case—if he has any—he sails in, determined to let his neighbors and the public know that a grocer is not necessarily a brute because his wife says so. And now the two poor creatures bemoan and clapperclaw and besmirch each other in ear-

nest, until what would have been a mere passing breeze, if left to itself, becomes a desolating hurricane, which lays waste a home and disgraces a family of children. But it affords more columns of news, and helps us along through this dull summer season, until another grocer, or tramp, or Cabinet officer, or leader of fashion, or what-not, turns up to take its place.

The newspaper is a great moral power in the community. If you have heard that statement before, I cannot help it. By showing us how bad our neighbors are, it prevents us from becoming as bad as they—unless, to be sure, it suggests similar wickedness to us, who might not otherwise have thought of it; but that is well, too, for there cannot be too many frightful examples; the wholesome lesson cannot be too often repeated, and if Smith or Brown will not furnish the indispensable scandal, how can we do less, in the interests of virtue, than furnish it ourselves? If the body corporate, or the body particular, has a running sore, or an ulcer, the best way to prevent the recurrence of such a thing—and incidentally to furnish the journalistic nose for news with its pabulum—is to keep irritating and vexing it till a crisis supervenes. The able newsmonger is like God—he chastens in chastising. It is true that the chastening may not materialize just at first, and that the newspaper may not be at hand to chronicle the event when it happens; but that will only be because it has other chastisements to inflict, and the latter always make better news and more interesting reading than the former.

It must be admitted, of course, that the newspapers would not be so ardent in their exposure of social and domestic crimes and misdemeanors did not the public who buy them thereby encourage them to proceed. Yes, we may arrogate to ourselves the prime credit for those gallant efforts toward purity and elevation which our morning journals so diligently pursue. The reporter would not exist if you and I did not want to read what he writes—if not about ourselves, then about our friends. And I observe with pleasure that when he, or his employer, is remarked as being a trifle over-energetic in his enthusiasm for reform and for the sacredness of home life and virtue he is ever ready to ascribe the merit where and to whom it is really due. "Do not extol me," he says, with a blush; "to you—who spur me to my task by your approval and by your pecuniary support—to you, beloved Public, be all the honor and the glory. To me, the salary alone shall suffice." And should you reply, "Yea, friend, but why should you have embraced this profession, had not your soul been attuned to the eternal harmonies?" he will lift a deprecating hand and murmur: "Question me not too nearly; I do but what I may."

Articles of the nature of this which I have just written appear every once in a while, but all that I have read end with some such sentence as the following: "Of course, we must except from our strictures such and such journals, which illustrate the truth of our argument by their conspicuous freedom from such practices." I shall refrain from appending a postscript of this description to my own humble remarks; not merely because I dote upon being as original as circumstances will allow, but because, as a matter of cold fact, I never saw any newspaper in this country of ours which would not do the things above outlined, and a thousand others quite as criticisable; and because I do not in the least believe that such a paper is to be found throughout the length and breadth of our mighty Republic.

All the same, we are the People, and the papers are the outcome of ourselves.

Julian Hawthorne

OUR NEXT NOVEL.

"One of Us," translated from the German of Ossip Schubin by Mrs. Ellen Waugh, ranks away above the average novel. The plot is entirely original and managed with so much skill that the denouement is utterly unexpected.

The author excels in the delineation of character. Some interesting psychological problems are raised by the complications arising out of the friction of differing minds and temperaments. There are highly dramatic situations, handled with great power, and scenes marked with exquisite purity and pathos. Humor is not lacking either, being supplied by the absurdities of the Baroness Sterzl and her impossible relations.

"One of Us" has the rare distinction of being a cleverly written and deeply interesting society novel, free from the lightest blemish of impropriety. It is long since we have read a more charming and satisfactory book. It will be mailed with this number.

TEACHER—"What is matrimony?"

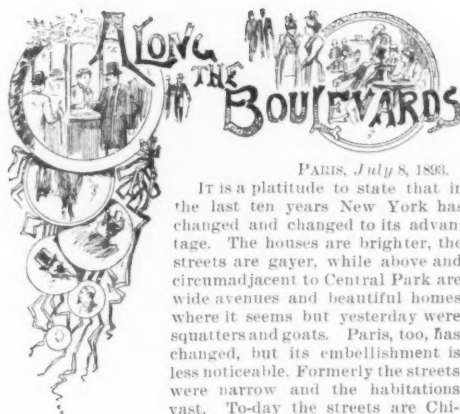
PUPIL—"A place of punishment in this life, where some souls suffer for a time before they can enter heaven."



THE EVOLUTION OF A BUTTERFLY.

TOBACCO DESTROYS NERVE VIGOR.

MANY a man's walk, talk and face, show its loss and with tobacco in his mouth he wonders why. NO-TO-BAC kills tobacco's effects and makes weak men strong in many ways that we do not care to speak about; haven't room. The quickest way to get results is to try it. Buy it at druggists everywhere; or write for book to Chicago Office. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., 49 Randolph St.



PARIS, July 8, 1893.

It is a platitude to state that in the last ten years New York has changed and changed to its advantage. The houses are brighter, the streets are gayer, while above and circumadjacent to Central Park are wide avenues and beautiful homes where it seems but yesterday were squatters and goats. Paris, too, has changed, but its embellishment is less noticeable. Formerly the streets were narrow and the habitations vast. To-day the streets are Chicagoesque in breadth and the rooms microscopic. There was an hour, and one not very distant at that, when Paris ruled the world. That she no longer does so, that her empire has ceased, that the decadence is manifest, are matters accepted by all of decorous sense. But if you seek the cause you will find it not in the streets, but in the houses. Small rooms breed small thoughts.

The streets, too, in spite of their amplitude, have lost much of that almost aboriginal gaiety which was once so heady. The effect on the eye used to be that of bright white and apple-green, variegated at times with a dash of orange or canary. Now the tints are neutral, and the façades present the grim monotony of prisons. It is only in the shop-windows and on the dead walls that you get the flavor and the atmosphere of the past. The shop-windows are indeed delightful, and it constitutes precisely what Balzac denominated the gastronomy of the eye to stroll along the boulevards and view the contents of those windows at your ease. By comparison neither Broadway nor Regent Street are in it—no, nor the Unter den Linden, either. For the grace of the Paris shopkeeper, the absolute art with which he dresses his window and lures the coin from your purse is unrivaled and uncontested still. There may be, in Pekin perhaps, bigger and sturdier thieves than he, but you may tread the highways of the world with the persistence of the Wandering Jew, and nowhere will you discover a tradesman capable of displaying his wares in such enticing fashions. There is a reason for this as there is for all things. Those lovely windows contain everything that you least desire and nothing that you do. As a consequence, enticement there must be, otherwise who would buy?

But it is on the dead walls that you get your first impression of real French art. We are all familiar with the glaring colors, the hippodrome effects, the vulgarity and sullen bad taste with which the bill-posters deface those in our own land. But here there is a genius at work. The dead walls of Paris, or at least a majority of them, are covered by pictorial advertisements that are unique, that mark a new epoch in the art of attracting and detaining the eye. They are the work of a painter named Chéret and their dominant note is gaiety, but a gaiety which is torrential in its exuberance and in which the commonplace has no standing at all. To cite one of a thousand, there is an advertisement of a music-hall which none who have seen will forget. Of its kind it is a gem, a cascade of clowns dressed as clowns never were. Beneath, white-aproned and white-capped, a boy, a cook's apprentice, what they call here a marmiton, thrown backward by an excess of laughter which closes one eye and cuts his face in two, is kicking in the air and playing the cymbals with his saucepans. A little above a man in pink tights, his cranium pointed and beautified with two tufts of red hair, his eyes starting from their sockets, his mouth twisted with laughter into a horseshoe, rises in the air and encourages with waving arms the delirium of an orchestra, over which, like a flash, is passing a train of diminutive cars, while below a little girl sits, bursting with jubilant squeals.

The whole thing overflows with gaiety, with color and with a nervousness that is simply demoniac. In other advertisements Chéret provides you with a series of visions, superficial but charming, delightfully untrue, such as those which come to you over the footlights, out of a ballet, after a dinner which has been particularly good. It is the champagne of art, the bubbles and foam of the paint-box.

Speaking of art, has it never occurred to you that some of our railway people might be a trifle less utilitarian and a trifle more picturesque, that they might give us something a little less ugly than the steam-engine of to-day? It is the fashion to abuse the Chinese; but they are our betters in more things than one, and what marvels might they not have accomplished with steam had they invented it as they did printing and powder! Then, indeed, might the steam-engine have become something worth looking at. Out of the boiler would have been fashioned the armored breast of a monster; from the smokestack would have issued a head breathing flame and smoke; the wheels would be hidden beneath great fins; the cars would have assumed a thousand fantastic forms; and at night the villages through which they passed would have seen a vision of flaming dragons, or the flight of an elephant, his trunk in the air, bellowing and furious, drawing after him a hundred other monsters that thunder on with the rush and clatter of whirlwinds. The idea may not be new. There are none that are, but such as it is the writer recommends it to Chicago.

It may be objected, however, that monsters are out of fashion, and perhaps they may be, a fact, however, which does not in the least interfere with the delight which every

artist and thinker takes in contemplating the astonishing girdle of fabulous birds and beasts that circle through the balconies and around the towers of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Among them are great yawning vultures whose stone wings droop as though they were tired; then there are griffons with false and sleepy eyes; deer with human breasts and hands; rams with arms like wrestlers' that terminate in crooked claws; two-headed hounds, and with them a guard of angry demons. What their significance may be concerns the iconograph; but to the observer who eyes them as they lean and gaze at the great city which is spread beneath, the idea will come that perhaps when, five hundred years ago, they were posted there, it was as sentinels whose duty it should be to mark across the ages the sameness of the griefs and joys of man. What else but monsters could be compelled to do that?

Edgar Allan Poe

DOES IT PAY?

If one poor struggling toiler o'er life's road,
Who meets us by the way,
Goes on less conscious of his galling load,
Then life indeed does pay.

If we can show one troubled heart the gain
There lies beneath all loss,
Why, then, we too are paid for all the pain
Of bearing life's hard cross.

If some despondent soul to hope was stirred,
Some sad lip moved to smile—
By any act of ours or any word—
Then has life been worth while.

Though all sweet things are missing from our lot
Wherein all woes are rife—
If to some other we one joy have brought,
We should thank God for life.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

ROYAL COURTSHIPS.

IN days gone by, men did not distinguish themselves by merely producing a clever novel, a realistic picture, an ingenious invention or an able discourse. Muscle took precedence of mind, and the man who could fight best was the biggest man of his day. A youth, equipping himself for social conquests, did not learn to sing, dance, discuss art and literature; he simply learned to master the uses of lance, spear and sword, by which accomplishments he soon won smiles of approbation and often tears of gratitude from those to whom he rendered knightly service. To-day, most girls are wooed and won in ballrooms, where many a brainless fop escapes his rightful classification; and many a pair of nimble legs causes hearts to palpitate with admiration, as fair observers assume that "he who dances well does all things well." But, though these latter-day lovers woo gently, they do not always make such good husbands as the swains of yore who pressed their suits in brusk fashion, subsequently demanding—and obtaining, too—the most complete submission of their wives.

A review of some royal courtships of olden times will sufficiently illustrate woman's position in those days.

When William the Conqueror was yet Duke of Normandy, he heard so much about the beauty and amiable disposition of Matilda of Flanders that he sent deputies to ask her hand in marriage. Her father gladly consented to the proposal, but Matilda, being somewhat infatuated with a Saxon envoy at her father's court, not only declined the offer, but made some ungracious remark about her suitor's birth. William, infuriated by the scorn with which she treated him, betook himself to Bruges, where he bided his time. One morning, as Matilda with her ladies was returning from mass, he waylaid and carried her off; but the Pope ordered his marriage with her to be annulled, as the maid had been consecrated to God.

Ivan the Terrible had seven wives. His wooing consisted mainly in selecting a woman who pleased his fancy and abruptly giving her the choice of marriage or the knout and banishment to Siberia.

The wooing of Isabella of Angoulême, the queen of King John, was by no means gentle. When quite a child she was betrothed to Hugh de Lusignan, and, according to a feudal custom, was consigned to the care of the family of her fiancé. While at the castle of Count d'Eu, John came there on a visit, and a series of amusements was provided for the king's entertainment, the chief of which was hunting. John fell in love with Isabella, and, meeting her in a glade at the chase one day, carried her off, in spite of her screams, to the stronghold of his sovereignty, Bordeaux. Admiration for his audacious courage induced her to give up De Lusignan and marry the king.

The second wife of Peter the Great—Catherine I. of Russia—was once a domestic in the house of Prince Menzikoff. One day, while the Czar was dining with the prince, he caught sight of the girl and asked who she was. "Only a woman who does her work well and oversees the other maids," was the reply.

"I have need for just such a woman," announced Peter; "send her to my house at once." Catherine was transferred to her new home, where she rose from one position to another, and in time the Czar married her, although the marriage was not made public until she had borne him several children.

After Eric of Sweden had dispatched an envoy to England to sue for the hand of Elizabeth, he fell in love with a beauty of humble degree—a little blue-eyed maid who used to sell nuts in the square before his palace. The ambassador wrote that Elizabeth, though not accepting the king's proposal, seemed pleased, and he thought if his sire came in person to press his suit he would be successful; but Eric, by this time, preferred "Kate the Nut-girl" to an unknown princess. His choice proved a happy one, especially when a reverse of fortune came and the king was supplanted by his brother John.

VIRGINIA R. COXE.

HUNTING WILD ANIMALS.

THERE is no sport more exhilarating than the chase for ferocious game. To shoot antelope and deer is scarcely more exciting than to shoot into a flock of sheep, except that they are shyer and more on the alert. But there is true skill required, and no little courage, when you choose to follow ferocious game. Easily first among this class in this country is the ferocious grizzly of the Rocky Mountains. He is what a California writer, Mr. Charles H. Shinn, calls "a most interesting animal." To quote him further, as Bret Harte used to say, "he has but one ungentlemanly habit, that of scalping with his fore paw, and this he caught from the wicked red man."

The grizzly is always given the right of way when one who knows him well meets him on the mountain trail, though it is said that he will sometimes turn out for you, and show no hostility if he does not suspect a hostile intent on your part. This was more frequently the case when California and the Rocky Mountain region were newer, and the traveler and wayfarer had not so often disturbed him. To-day, when generations of him have got it in their blood to remember that man is his enemy, it would be better not to rest too confidently in this friendly conclusion.

People in the far West take with a considerable grain of salt the brave stories of hunters who claim to have killed the grizzly very often; for, those who know him best and have had genuine encounters with him, rather lose their appetite for a contest with this formidable animal. The reason is, it is almost impossible to kill, or even disable, him without a small arsenal of ammunition and weapons at hand. He has been known to receive twenty bullets in all parts of his body before giving up a fight; and he can kill an antagonist by a single stroke after he has been shot through the heart, and when nearly ready to die. He can tree a group of hunters if he gets within twenty feet of them before they fire, and pull or shake them out of the trees, unless they have selected those of large size. So, when a bragging fellow talks of having dispatched a grizzly, he is usually doubted in the region where the animal is known and the pretender is a stranger. "Doing up a cinnamon bear and talking grizzly," is a Western proverb for making much pretension with little performance.

Mr. Shinn says: "I distrust most of the current stories about successful hand-to-hand encounters with full-grown grizzlies." For, "the rush of a large grizzly from his chaparral shelter is a terrible thing to face. There is an oak tree in Shasta County, California, under which a miner, who had fired upon a grizzly, was killed by one blow from the enraged animal, and when his companions killed the bear it was found that the man's bullet had passed *entirely through the animal's body*."

In India, the most attractive animal to hunt is not the tiger, but the wild boar. There are two species of this beast, the black boar and the gray variety. The black boar is the largest, but not by any means the most formidable one of the two. Either is stubborn and courageous, and will stand almost any amount of spearing and loss of blood without uttering a cry. If the boar is too hard pressed, no matter what odds are against him, he turns about, and very often puts his pursuers to flight. The India boar is hunted on horseback with spears, and a single one will often disable three or four horses, laming them for life, if not inflicting fatal injuries, before he succumbs. It is said that a fierce boar will "break through a line of elephants and make his escape"; and there "is no animal in all the vast jungle that the elephant dreads more than the lusty boar." Mr. James Inglis, an English planter in India, who has lived long on the Nepal frontier, says: "I have seen elephants that would stand the repeated charges of a wounded tiger turn tail and take to ignominious flight before the onset of an angry boar. He has been known to encounter successfully even the kingly tiger himself."

The leopard is another most fierce antagonist. He hides in the jungles by day and prowls about on his predatory strolls by night. He will even be bold enough to go up on the veranda of a house, or break into it, if the way is open. He is one of the animals that you must not shoot without hitting to kill. If wounded and not absolutely disabled, he turns at once upon his pursuer. It is said, though, that if shot after he has actually passed by the hunter, he will often—though maddened by pain and anger—keep on his route without giving fight. As you cannot tree yourself from a leopard, it is all the more necessary, when dealing with him, to give him a fatal or disabling shot.

The man-eating tiger is, by common consent, the most formidable of beasts. Probably no animal is so well made for the destruction of life as is the tiger. His frame and muscles are adapted to the utmost ferocity. No animal has more powerful jaws. The largest bones of the ox or buffalo he grinds in a moment into multiplied fractures. Yet the tiger, fierce and powerful as he is, will often slink away without showing fight, though brave enough when the battle is once on.

The experienced hunter can kill a tiger at one shot, if he only strikes one of his two or three vulnerable spots, one of which is behind the shoulder, though he may receive a dozen wounds being brought down if they come in contact with his tougher parts. The tiger is generally fought from the elephant's back, and he will sometimes lift himself to the elephant's back, or buttock, to reach the hunter. To hunt this animal while on foot is hazardous to a single hunter, and not desirable, even if you have company enough to keep him at bay. He is so wary and secretive, and can hide or get away so easily, that it requires great skill and constant attention to bring him down. A tiger can swim a river or climb a tree or jump out of any inclosure. His resources are immense, and he is the sublimated essence of ferocity. He has been known to kill two buffaloes in immediate succession by giving each only a single blow.

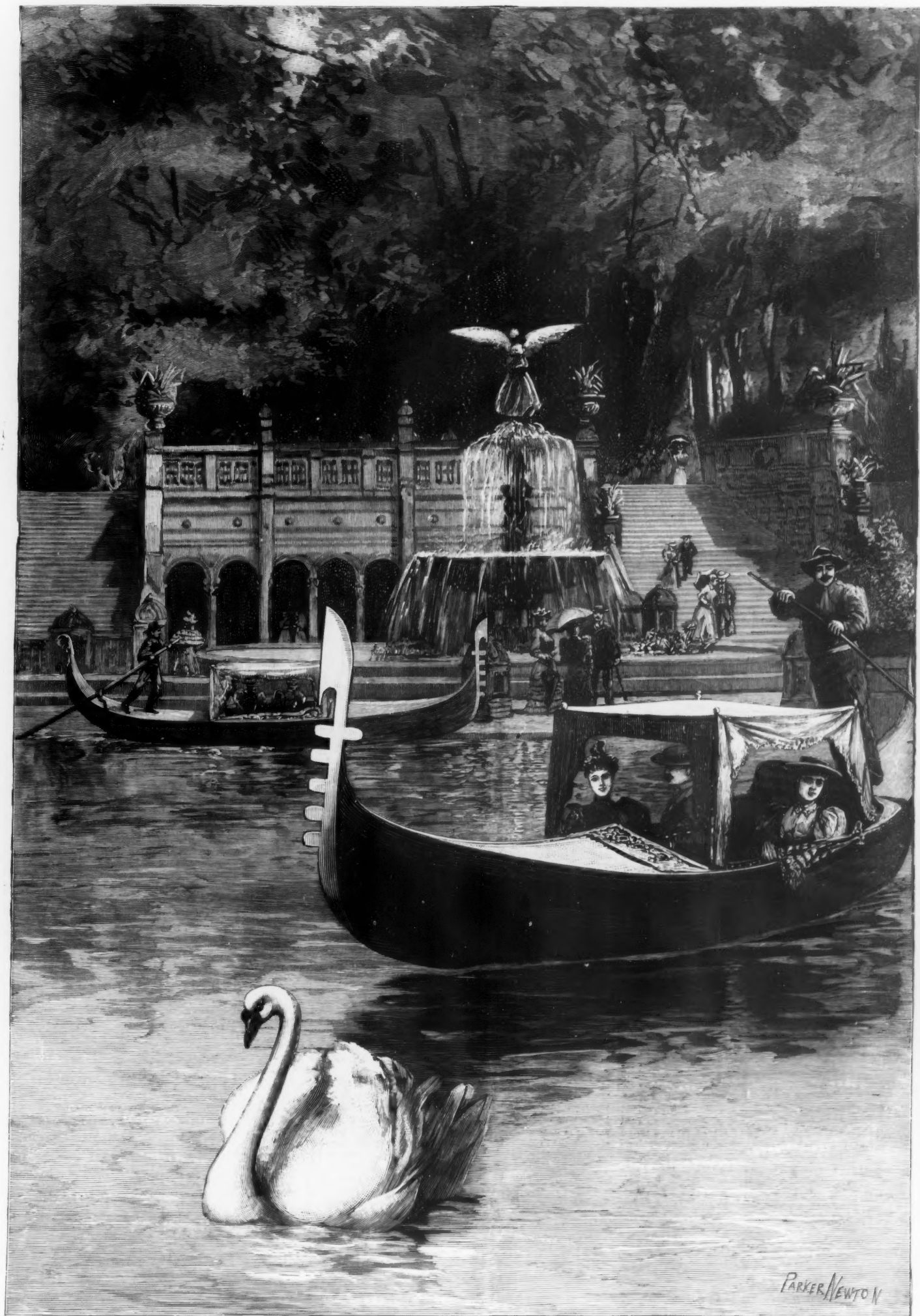
JOEL BENTON.

Your name on a postal addressed Joseph Barnett & Co., 27 Central St., Boston, Mass., will bring you a little book which is given free to any reader of this paper.



SKETCHES AT MONMOUTH PARK RACE TRACK.

(Drawn by Max Klepper.)



GONDOLAS ON THE CENTRAL PARK LAKE.

Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by Parker Newton.



BY JOHNSON BURT.

MRS. MERRIGO was one of the prettiest brides ever brought by a city man from a country town. Women who were envious of her beauty declared that charms like Mrs. Merrigo's were only skin-deep, but as no one who admires beauty ever thinks of looking deeper than the skin, the pretty little woman could afford to laugh when she heard of this ill-natured criticism. She had abundant health and spirits; she dearly loved her husband, and her husband never wearied or changed in his love for her—so she was as happy as she was pretty.

Frank Merrigo was not rich; he was a salesman, on commission, for a firm who made a specialty of certain iron and steel goods. He earned several times as much money as was demanded by the owner of the very quiet and comfortable boarding-house to which he took his wife. He had promised the dear girl that it should be the one object of his life to make her happy, and he proved himself a man of his word. He was a sensible fellow, too, for instead of spending his surplus cash on his own pleasures and expecting his wife to enjoy them with him, as most young husbands do, he let her take the lead and was himself content to follow her.

"Happy" was not the word to describe Mrs. Merrigo's condition for two or three years, she said to herself—and if she didn't know, who did? Finally there came a wee boy who changed the ways of Mrs. Merrigo's life for a little while, but the little fellow's father did not cease lavishing money on the mother. Mrs. Merrigo loved the baby dearly, but she did not cease to love theaters and parties and drives and new dresses, all of which her husband continued loyally to supply.

Suddenly Merrigo's friends began to notice a change, though the wife was absolutely blind to it. She could scarcely be blamed, for her husband never entered the house without bringing a lot of smiles and kisses and merry chat with him. In business circles, though, it was noticed that Merrigo was sometimes more silent than of old, sometimes more excitable. Business men, even the youngest of them, would have known what this meant, even had they not known that competition had sprung up in the specialties in which Merrigo's employer dealt, and that this meant fewer sales, lower prices and smaller commissions. Merrigo faced the situation bravely, and tried to keep up his income by working harder, but he soon learned that he already had worked as hard as he could, and that unless he could change his business for something better there would be nothing to do but cut down expenses. The better business did not turn up quickly, and one night at home, when he thought himself alone, Merrigo looked so dismal that his wife asked him, with the most tender anxiety imaginable, what was the matter. Her manner disarmed him of the reserve which he had determined to preserve about business affairs, so he told her gently that business had been going badly of late, and that he was afraid they would have to economize carefully. His wife withdrew her arms from his neck, covered her face with her hands, burst into tears and sobbed out:

"That'll be the end of my good times, I suppose—just what happens to other folks when they have to be economical."

"Nonsense, my dear!" exclaimed Merrigo, with a new and awfully heavy weight on his heart. "We're not reduced to poverty; we have our home, and each other, and the baby."

"But I don't want to slave away my life at house-keeping and taking care of a baby, if there's to be no fun."

"There shall be plenty of fun—I promise you that," the wretched husband replied, "but—but we must select it with some regard to the cost—that's all, dear."

"That's all, indeed? I should think it was enough," said Mrs. Merrigo, still with tears in her voice.

"I'm a brute!" exclaimed the husband, "and if you'll forgive me this once you never shall hear another word about it."

"You solemnly promise?" asked Mrs. Merrigo, impressively.

"Solemnly!" said the husband, taking the little woman to his heart, though he had to wait a moment or two for his wife's arms to again wind round his neck. Before the evening had ended he devised something entirely new and delightful for the next night—something quite expensive, also; and his wife kissed him effusively and called him a naughty but dreadfully darling fellow, and told him she didn't really believe, after all, that he was going to become an old stupid, like some of her friends' husbands were, as soon as business didn't go to suit them.

From that time forth Merrigo had a double terror continually in his heart—the fear of making his wife unhappy by curtailing such of her pleasures as were bought with money, and the new fear, that her love for him depended upon the amount of pleasure he could buy for her. It was an old story, though he did not know it—the story of a man wooing a woman, not at all bad in herself, as a mere plaything and pet—a very delightful plaything and pet—instead of searching for a companion and equal, as any man's wife will be, unless the man takes leave of some or all of his senses when he is making his selection. Merrigo saw his fault and acknowledged it to himself and Heaven; he would have admitted it also to Mrs. Merrigo had there been any indication that the lady would understand him. He redoubled his own attentions to her, and as he was naturally an affectionate and companionable fellow, he sometimes made her very happy without spending a cent;

but variety is the spice of life, so next day Mrs. Merrigo's pretty face and eyes would be so full of longing, as the little woman spoke of some innocent yet expensive pleasure, that the money had to come—the husband had to find the way.

Love will inspire a man to work many wonders, but there is a limit even to inspiration when its purposes are entirely selfish. Merrigo borrowed small sums from the firm, who couldn't afford to refuse accommodations to so valuable a man. The more he borrowed the more desperate he became, for the feeling that more money is owed than can be paid is about as weakening as any that comes to any man who is honest at heart. To keep this torment from becoming greater, he began to dispose of such of his personal property as he thought his wife would not miss. To begin with was a set of Shakespeare, a costly edition and expensively bound; Mrs. Merrigo couldn't understand Shakespeare or even endure him, yet her husband's heart was horribly wrenched when he sold this book, although the purchase money procured a love of dress for which the pretty wife had been longing. Shall Shakespeare, Merrigo asked himself, stand between husband and wife, when all that Shakespeare wrote may be bought—in paper covers, to be sure—for a half-dollar?

His diamond studs went next, and his wife soon missed them, but Merrigo explained that he had lent them to an acquaintance who had a fancy for such things—in his secret soul he meant a pawnbroker. For himself, he objected to wearing any studs not entirely plain, for precious stones for shirt-bosoms had "gone out" by edict of the Prince of Wales, who was the glass of fashion and the mold of form to all young Americans who professed to be "in the swim." He was almost paralyzed by the smallness of the loan which the pawnbroker made on them, but he tried to strengthen his heart by reminding himself that the smaller the loan the easier would be the redeeming of the property; then he would have the stones reset in a ring for his wife—a present which should make her happy for a week, and therefore prevent, for that length of time, any new expense not absolutely necessary. The opportunity came sooner than he expected; a large sale brought him commissions which made the new ring an accomplished fact—a fact which pleased Mrs. Merrigo so hugely that she at once insisted on giving an afternoon tea so that she might display the new ring. As Merrigo had already, through sheer honesty, come down to a cash basis of family expenses, he had to sell at a sacrifice a valuable gem to get the money to pay for the little extras which make the best part of a tea.

From that time forth he talked economy; he did it persistently, yet so slyly and with so much tact that he persuaded Mrs. Merrigo to take the baby, for the summer months, to a country place of which he had heard and which he painted in the same colors in which it had been painted for him by the office clerks who told him of it. The instant they were off he gave up cigars and puffed a pipe, and he cut down his personal expenses, food included, to a dollar a day, spent his days at the store and his nights hunting up country dealers at the various hotels. Within a week, however, Mrs. Merrigo wrote that the place was as dull as dishwater and utterly unendurable, and if he did not come at once and take her away she was sure that she would simply die. So Merrigo lost a day of business time, besides selling some more of his personal property, in taking the dear girl to a more fashionable place, where she could see the class of people she was accustomed to.

At the new place something seemed to disagree with the baby, so there were some doctor's bills to be paid and then a nurse to be hired. Of course Merrigo made the necessary sacrifices, for were there not now two precious lives, instead of one, to be cared for? What were his books, gems, fishing-rods, opera-glasses, scarf-pins, etchings, autographs, etc., in comparison with his wife and child? He humbly prayed Heaven to forgive him for loving his old treasures so dearly that he hesitated even for a moment in parting with them; he also, in view of his rapidly diminishing personal property, prayed for some helpful change before there should be nothing left to sacrifice.

The summer season ended at last, and Merrigo went to bring his wife and child home. The family had never before been parted so long, so Merrigo counted on a great strengthening of his heart through again meeting his darlings. But he was disappointed; his wife asked him little about himself; her heart and lips seemed full of the new people she had met and whom she wanted her husband to meet at once. She even objected to her husband's caresses; it was so hard to rearrange one's hair in the middle of the afternoon! The baby was less particular, and its father was indebted to it for whatever joy he obtained through the reuniting of the family; yet he was not happy enough to sleep that night.

After that day everything went worse. Mrs. Merrigo, who really was an affectionate little thing, without a wrong intention in her, was occasionally quite loving to her husband, who thereafter went out "rejoicing like a strong man to run a race," as Holy Writ has it; but the trouble was that if the race were won, the winnings—to continue the parallel—quickly made Mrs. Merrigo her pleasure-craving little self again. Her husband argued gently—for there are some well-meaning women with whom one cannot argue in any other way, or, indeed, in that way, without great risk of failure and consequent discomfort. She really tried to economize, at times, and the misery the effort caused her made her husband call himself many kinds of brute. Such experiences were not good for him; excitement is not good for any one, least of all for the man or woman who has much work to do and needs a healthy, unexhausted brain to do it with. Merrigo began to have strange pains in his head, strange twinges about his heart. He consulted his doctor, who looked grave, but said it was only indigestion, which might be cured by a few days of rest. Rest? He didn't believe he ever could rest again, unless he should chance to make a fortune and keep the secret from his wife. The dear little thing meant so well, too—and he was so pow-

erless to explain to her! Of one thing he was happily certain: his life was insured for twenty thousand dollars, and should he die of worry there would be something to support his wife and child—if his wife could in any way learn the value of money.

Something put it into Merrigo's head to write some instructions for his wife's benefit, in case the troubles about his heart should prove more serious than the physician thought. He sat down one night and wrote them rapidly, for he had little in his mind, at first, but to say: "Save—save—save your money!" As he wrote, the foolishness and profitless nature of his many expenditures came so plainly to mind that he wrote much and wrote strongly, blaming himself for all the mistakes he named, but begging his wife, for the sake of their child, to heed his warning's lest their darling son should become a beggar and thief. Where to put this letter, after it was written, he did not know, so he addressed it to his wife and put it into his own pocket, where it would be sure to identify him in case of accident.

Still the special expenses went on; Mrs. Merrigo cried whenever her husband looked grave about one of them, and sometimes she said she wished she never had married, if she had to be so great a trouble to her husband; she was sure her father never had found her extravagant. One day she gave an entertainment—a little thing, really, and one which was due from her in the course of "society events" among the people with whom she associated—but her husband had lost his position the week before, owing to the firm feeling it necessary to save commissions by doing their own selling, so Merrigo had to pawn two or three suits of his own clothing to get the necessary money. He depleted his wardrobe so severely that his wife was not pleased at his appearance in his second best evening suit that night, for she herself was as resplendent as a queen, and naturally wanted the man beside her to be in correspondingly proper array.

Merrigo did not look for a new job next day. Business was very dull just then; he knew men as able as himself who had been wandering through iron and steel specialty houses for weeks. Besides, his mirror showed him that something tearing at his heart had temporarily taken the spirit out of his face, and he could not afford to give himself away in the trade while he was out of employ. So he took an excursion steamboat bound down the bay, hoping that change of scene and air would make him feel better, forgetting that a man who is nursing a grievance is his own worst companion. He fell to thinking over the letter to his wife, about what to do with his life insurance money in case of his death; then he took the letter from his pocket, carefully opened it, and wrote an additional paragraph, reminding his wife that in case of his death a certain proportion of the money was legally due the child, and should be so deposited and guarded that the interest and principle could not be alienated.

Then Merrigo did some hard thinking which did him no good. The night was so hot that scarcely any passengers were astern in the boat. Suddenly Merrigo raised the shout:

"Man overboard!"

People hurried aft; even one of the boat's officers came, and all demanded:

"Where?"

"There!" exclaimed Merrigo, pointing through the gloom at an imaginary object. "Don't you see? Heaven! he mustn't drown. Hold my coat!"

In an instant he had gone over the side of the boat and was lost to sight. Several minutes later—the usual waste of time in such cases—a small boat was lowered; but Merrigo's body was not found until a week later.

Of course Mrs. Merrigo was shocked; what affectionate wife wouldn't have been? When her grief in some sort subsided she did her best to carry out the business injunctions taken from her husband's coat pocket; but she found them very hard, so in two or three years she carefully selected a new husband to help her. She had done so well, in spite of some blunders, that what was left of her first husband's life insurance money was of great assistance to her second husband's business; and she became so economical that her second husband was not allowed to buy more than one suit of clothes a year; but he was a fellow of saving nature, anyway, so probably he did not suffer. The son and heir of the first husband was secured in his inheritance, and taught economy so persistently that when he became of age he hadn't a vice. The price paid for all this was great, to be sure; but some natures can't appreciate anything which does not cost frightfully.



READY, AYE READY!

YOUNG LADY—"Oh, I don't see your argument at all. But then, you know," (with intention) "I am next door to a fool!"
THE POET—"Oh, no! You must be beside yourself to say so!"
(Young lady wishes she hadn't attempted the ancient witticism.)

ONE OF LOVE'S SAD LESSONS.

AFTER the happy effervescence of early courtship, with its strangely mixed sensations of rapture and dejection; after the supreme joy and triumph of the moment when mutual confidences are exchanged, there comes, soon or late, a new phase in the history of lovers, an unwelcome, inevitable change, so subtle in its workings, so disenchanting in its effects that often the shock of its discovery proves too violent for a sensitive heart, and the result is a complete, possibly a life-long, estrangement.

The most faithful and assiduous lover is bound, in time, to drop the character of the ardent wooer for the less exciting part of a contented fiancé. Perhaps the serene consciousness of his acknowledged power carries him just the least bit away, and he assumes—though no doubt involuntarily—an attitude so like indifference as to pass for such to a wounded nature. A woman, spoiled to a certain extent by the flattering and unremitting attentions bestowed on her in the first stages of courtship, sorely misses the least of these in the calmer and cooler days that follow her engagement. Sometimes, indeed, it is not until after marriage that the depressing change takes place. The danger of a falling off in man's devotion is increased ten-fold after marriage. A husband's love becomes more than ever a thing apart from the engrossing affairs of his busy life. Sure of possession, actuated no longer by feelings of doubt or jealousy, there is nothing to quicken his sentiments into outward manifestations, and he lapses into an easy acceptance of the joys of his hearth.

The woman, meanwhile, though perhaps all unknown to him, suffers keenly. She misses the thousand little symbols of affection that enriched the first happy days when the flattery of a lover's early diffidence made every moment sweet with new attentions. She mistrusts herself and conceives the torturing idea that she has lost the power of retaining her husband's affection, that already he is growing weary of her. Then she redoubles her efforts to please, often only to aggravate the situation by increasing the measure of her disappointment. Some women, in an access of wounded pride, make a sudden end of relations that have thus grown unendurably painful, and so cut off irrevocably their chances of ever arriving at a right understanding of the position. The more sensible, bearing in mind that a man, however fascinating, is still a man, not an angel, learn to make allowance for his occasional density, his provoking fits of abstraction, his keen pursuit of business or pleasure—wherein the woman has no part—his diminished attentions, his sometimes too placid acceptance of little kindnesses. If a woman be very wise, she in her turn will go her way, will seek fresh interests in the affairs of her household, in her duties to society, in the pleasures and avocations she is free to follow without detriment to her wifely office. She will then encounter her husband in a mood far more attractive than if she had been brooding over his fancied indifference. She will find abundant matter for agreeable conversation of an impersonal nature; she will betray no symptom of an aggrieved disposition, often a powerful irritant to the practical nature of a man, and will even parry a word or token of affection with a playful sauciness of manner which is infinitely more winning than a sentimental earnestness.

The whole difficulty might be obviated, if from the beginning a girl would make the firm determination to preserve her divinity, so to speak, to remain on the pedestal of a man's admiration, and never in a weak moment let herself be tempted to step down. In this case it is better to receive than to give.

It is not easy to maintain the necessary dignity, because true love instinctively tends to abase itself in the presence of a beloved one. Some one has truly said that the praise of our friends makes us humble. To a still greater degree, then—and this is especially true of noble natures—the praise of a lover engenders a sense of unworthiness which speedily runs to extravagant demonstration.

Here is precisely where the danger lies and where the man's devotion will insensibly slacken. Whoever has read Coventry Patmore's "Angel of the House"—it would profit every woman to make herself familiar with that beautiful book—must have been struck with the enduring quality of the lover's devotion, and, though perhaps a little impatient with Honoria's perpetual staidness, there is no doubt whatever that her hold upon her husband's perfect and unbroken allegiance lay in that very quality for which one is disposed to quarrel with her.

In his latest poem—"Adzuma, or the Japanese Wife"—Sir Edwin Arnold touches on this subject. The mother of Adzuma warns her daughter not to be "o'erloving." "It is," she said, "dangerous for us women who must abide and obey and rest patient under all things." To which the sweet young wife replies in the charming passage beginning:

"Ah! teach me how to love a little, then."

But, even through her willingness to do as she is bid, her woman's nature cries out:

"Is there fear
A wife may overgive herself to pay
In duty, dearness, pleasure, service, smiles,
Her debt of loving to her wedded lord
Who loves her?"

And further on comes the passionate appeal commencing:

"How shall I love him with a lesser love?"

In Japan, as we all know, the woman's rôle is one of clinging affection, of entire, unhesitating submission to her lord. Yet even here it would seem the same danger threatens the fair edifice of love as in countries where considerably more latitude prevails in the relations of husband and wife. George Eliot, in one of her novels, clearly points out the danger of a woman's "o'erloving" herself.

To quickly relieve Neuralgic Headache
Use Bromo-Seltzer—Trial bottle, 10 cts.

and the history of "Lucile" further emphasizes the too earnest woman's precariousness of tenure of a man's affection.

In the face of all this testimony, to which, no doubt, many can add the result of personal observation, women would do well to lay up a lesson in their hearts, and realize in good time that—

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart."

If they have no wise mother like Adzuma's to warn them not to be "o'erloving," if no special intuition of danger guards them against the fatal excess, they are doomed to pass through the valley of humiliation. Many will reject this warning, confident beyond all confidence of having found a grand exception to the average man; but the average man, in this respect, is a fearfully ubiquitous fellow, as those learn at last by experience who refuse to learn in time on faith.

So it would be well if every newly betrothed girl and newly wedded wife would take the wise words of the mother of Adzuma as points for daily meditation: "Be not o'erloving. It is dangerous for us women who must abide and obey and rest patient under all things."

MANIAC OR MURDERER?

BY PROXY.

OH! the grisly, ghoulish, hideous horror of the time! Shall I ever forget it? Will memory never cease to haunt me with wretched recollections for my morbid fancy to brood over?

Am I never to have a moment's rest from the cruel pangs of conscience which torment me night and day, causing deep wrinkles on my brow and turning my hair prematurely gray—in itself, to my mind, an ineffaceable brand of Cain?

Waking, I cannot dismiss the horrible vision which rises ever before my eyes like some ghoulish phantom; my fitful slumbers are disturbed by frightful nightmares, in which the blood-curdling scene is reproduced in all its horrid details with vivid and startling distinctness, from which I arouse by a powerful effort of will to find myself bathed in a profuse perspiration, vainly trying to articulate a cry of horror and fear with my dry, parched tongue which clings to the roof of my mouth and refuses to utter a sound!

What matters it that a jury of my peers have pronounced my act that of a madman? or that the world has exonerated me of all intent to commit a crime? Can I forget that my hands are stained with the blood of my fellow-creatures? Shall I find no rest on this side of the tomb from the agony of remorse which fills my soul for the dread deed for which I may never hope to make atonement?

What matters it that I have beggared myself in the unavailing effort to make the poor reparation possible by means of mere worldly wealth to the sorrowing survivors on whom the awful weight of woe has fallen by my hand?

What does it avail that I am the daily and hourly recipient of their assurances of forgiveness, for which my impassioned appeals never cease? Let me try and recall the events which lead up to that dread time of which no forebodings ever reached me.

From my earliest childhood I have been subject to some strange and powerful influence, which at times assumes complete control of me, during which I no longer realize who I am or what I am doing, and from which I recover to find myself in some strange situation, as likely in the very jaws of death as not.

How many times I have been preserved from such a fate I know not, or where or how soon death will overtake me I care not, for my peace of mind is destroyed and only by constant travel can I obtain a slight respite from the thought that I am accursed on earth!

I cannot recall whether it is days, weeks, months or years since the horrible tragedy for which I, at least, hold myself responsible.

Sometimes it seems but yesterday and again it is like a dim phantasmagoria; but never does the recollection of it wholly leave me.

Finding myself in the midst of a dense chaparral on a high mesa in Chihuahua, Mexico—having, as far as my recollection serves me, last been in Christiania, Norway—I looked about me, it being then, by the sun, about ten o'clock in the morning.

As one direction was the same as another to me, I started north, and, after walking about an hour, I reached the edge of the mesa, which formed at that point a high and very steep precipice, at the foot of which a deep and narrow stream tumbled over the rocks.

Here, to my astonishment, were a large number of men with teams and machinery, busily engaged in the construction of an immense dam, which I afterward learned was for irrigation purposes.

Why was there no voice raised, no hand stretched forth to stay my visit to this fatal spot, so soon to become the scene of my crime? As I recall that frightful event, which was to cast such a deep gloom over my life, and of many others, I can scarcely summon courage to write the rest, and yet I must go on to the end.

Feeling very much fatigued with my tramp through the rough cactus and coarse undergrowth, I sat down in a little nook where I could overlook the operations of the men at work below me.

A swarthy Mexican toiled slowly up the steep winding trail near me, removing his cigarette and showing his white teeth in a pleasant smile as he greeted me with a courteous "Buenos dias, señor," and soon passed from sight.

By the sensations which I almost immediately began to experience I knew that the influence was about to take possession of me; and, realizing my peril if I should fall from that great height, I made strenuous efforts to retreat from the edge of the precipice to a less dangerous position, but was unable to move hand or foot.

In a few moments, however, the spell appeared to

partially pass away, and I sat there for some time in a dazed manner trying to regain control of my faculties. A low murmur from far below caught my ear, which I instinctively realized proceeded from the voices of the laborers on the dam.

At my feet was an ant-hill with its curious, busy little inhabitants running to and fro, fetching, carrying, never still for an instant; and as I sat watching them some ungovernable impulse caused me to pick up a pebble and drop it in their midst.

Even as I was, I could partially realize the dire effect the little stone caused among them. It destroyed part of the efforts of their industry, and killed and wounded a number of the unoffending insects, at which the most poignant grief and remorse appeared to take possession of me.

Gradually my senses returned to me, and I slowly made my way down the trail.

As I drew near the location of the dam, I became aware of an unusual commotion among the men, shouts and cries of strange import rent the air, and on approaching nearer, I heard heartrending groans as of strong men suffering in an agony of pain.

"There has been an accident," I exclaimed to myself, and hastening downward with redoubled speed, soon reached the bottom of the canyon, where lay one, two, three forms, mangled and crushed out of all human semblance, and beyond all human aid.

Two of their comrades lay on the ground near by, tossing and moaning in pain, which rough hands were doing their best to alleviate. In the excitement and commotion no one noticed my queries as to the cause of the accident, when suddenly from the opposite side of the canyon from which I had descended appeared the figure of a strangely excited man, hatless, coatless and almost breathless, who, rushing forward, attracted the attention of all present in an instant by a loud cry of "Here he is," at the same instant seizing me in a grasp of iron.

In a hurried, gasping manner, as he endeavored to regain his breath, he told the men, who crowded close around us now, that he was an engineer engaged on the survey of the reservoir; that he had seen me on the opposite side of the canyon, and, thinking my actions singular, he had watched me through his field-glass; had seen me stoop down, loosen a large boulder from its bed and send it crashing down to its work of death and destruction below, before he could make an outcry or sign to them of their danger.

As he began speaking the horrible truth burst upon me with awful force, that what I had believed in my aberration to be an ant-hill was in reality the crowd of laborers at work on the dam; and the pebble that I dropped must have been the large rock, of which the scattered fragments lay on all sides.

Ere he had finished speaking, cries of "Hang him! Lynch him!" from the now infuriated mob filled the air, swelling into a roar which drowned my efforts to speak; in an instant a dozen rough hands seized me and bore me to a large derrick near at hand, from the loose arm of which, as it swung to and fro, dangled a rope having a block and hook attached.

In vain I opened my mouth to declare that I was not guilty; that I was not responsible for my action! My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and I was unable to make a sound.

In an incredibly short space of time, although it seemed an age to me, in which every event of my life passed in review before me with startling distinctness, a noose was fastened around my neck and attached to the hook of the rope, which fifty strong hands grasped and prepared to shorten!

At this instant the whistle of the hoisting engine on the works hoarsely announced the hour of noon, rousing me from a deep sleep in an uneasy position on the rock, which, no doubt, was the cause of the particularly unpleasant dream which it broke off at such a critical moment.

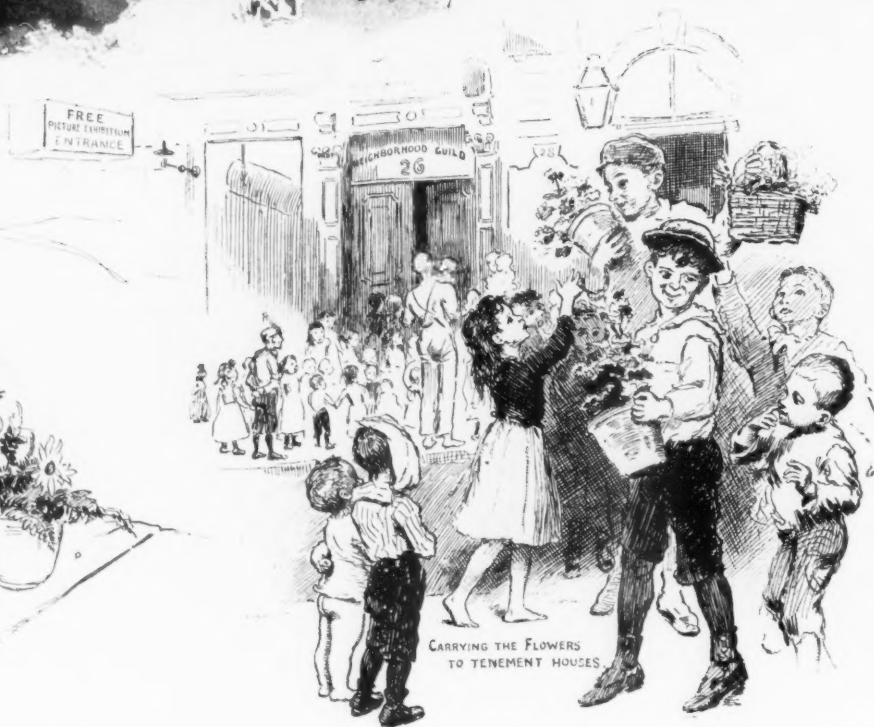
It is charged against certain Kings County, New York, officials that they have cheated the county out of thousands of dollars by collecting bills for the burial of pauper war veterans who never existed or who have not died. If these infamous charges are not true, their authors deserve severe punishment. If they are, let no guilty official escape. Such fraud is one too many.



It costs nothing to send your name on a postal addressed Joseph Burnett & Co., 27 Central St., Boston, Mass. They will send free to any reader of this paper their most interesting little book.

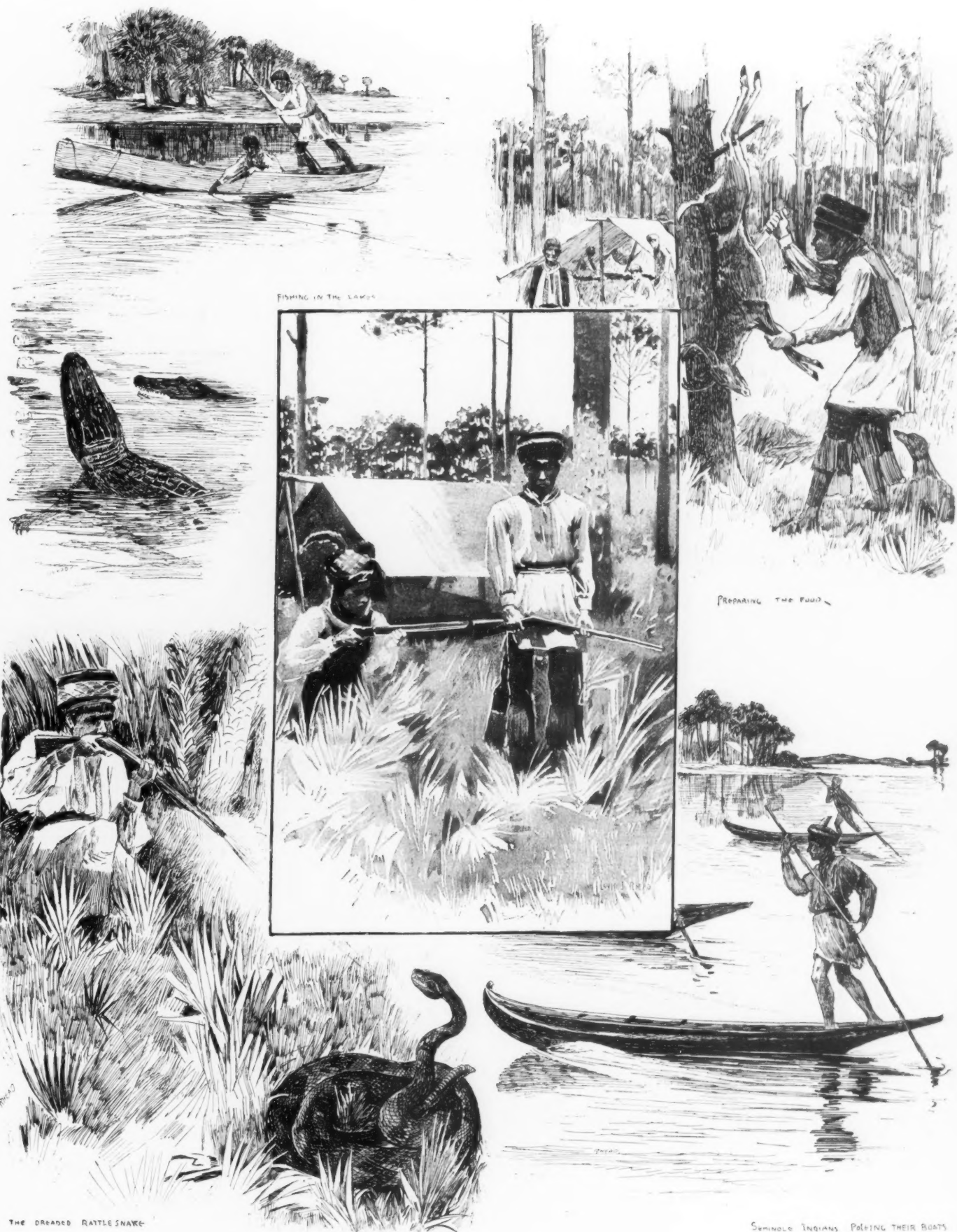


BACK ROOF
OF THE GUILD



FLOWER MISSION—TO BRIGHTEN THE LIVES OF THE NEW YORK POOR.

(Drawn by C. Broughton.—See page 8.)



THE DREADED RATTLE SNAKE.

SEMINOLE INDIANS POLEING THEIR BOATS.

THE SEMINOLE INDIANS OF FLORIDA AS HUNTERS AND GUIDES.

THIS old turbaned tribe is now fast dwindling away, but the few that are left are picturesque and have many features of great interest. In taking a cruise down the Indian River we had occasion to see them at different points from Fort Pierce to Lakeworth, following the timid deer deeper and deeper into the wierd woods. At times parties of hunters meet them far removed from civilization, and often they are seen at the various trading settlements exchanging their spoils for the things they need from the white man. Our first meeting with them was at Fort Pierce; the chief had come from the interior on some trading, and was on horseback, a most unusual thing, their mode of travel being mostly on foot or by canoe. The chief was hailed by the cracker settlers, as they are nearly always standing round the main store, where everything can be purchased—drugs, clothing, food—in fact, everything that is in daily use.

The chief answered back in a dignified manner, speaking good English. He was quite tall, good-looking, and dressed in very showy colors, the most conspicuous feature about him being an enormous hat, fitting tightly round his head, and a short, glossy black bang hanging nearly to his eyebrows. His hat from the tight band spread out like an enormous bandbox at least fourteen inches high, being trimmed elaborately with different colored tails of small animals. At the top waved a long white bushy tail, making him appear quite remarkable. The rest of his apparel was of more modern cut, being a long blouse tied round the waist with trimmed and decorated buckskin, his trousers being also of that material; just below the knee a band of long strips of skin, cut very thin, like bootlaces. Round his neck was a highly colored handkerchief, much the same as the Italians wear. His horse, a rather thin pony, was bare of any ornament;

and he used no saddle. The Indian River and the lakes back of it teem with fish and the woods with game. Here they ply their natural vocation, never in any way molesting the white settlers, often co-operating with them in civilization and education. The land is rich; tropical fruits of every kind in abundance; oysters in countless millions for the mere getting; everything seems to work together for a happy existence.

Further south, at Jupiter, we saw different members of the tribe, often on the water, moving at a rapid pace. The lakes and rivers are very shallow, in many places but a few inches deep; for that reason they do not paddle or row, but pole their boats along. At sunset they are sometimes seen returning from a fishing trip, standing upright at the very end of the boat, steering in a perfect line and going at a very rapid gait, constant practice making this difficult mode of moving the boat easy and rapid. They know

the shallows so well, by night or day, that many miles can be made by this easy and graceful mode of travel. The Indians are perfect guides on water or land, with easy confidence from a lifetime of practice with rod and gun. Sportsmen all along and about the Indian River can find plenty of game—black bear, red deer, wildcats, panthers, possum, raccoon and gray squirrel will repay a visit to this land of perfect and equable climate. The tourist will get his fill of fishing, both in quantity and quality; in fact, fish are so plentiful that it becomes often a tiresome burden, the catch is so great. The sail down from Titusville to Jupiter is one long and ever-changing delight, the orange groves, pineapple fields, cocoa-palms and many different birds—pelican, herons, eagles—all the wonders of a semi-tropical life and vegetation, make a winter trip of both pleasure and profit.

Though they are most of the time inland on the lakes and rivers, they never stay in one particular spot, but keep near the coast and the Indian River. For that reason they are healthy and strong, most of them without covering for their feet, and, considering the roughness and heat of the sand, the many prickly cactus and other vegetation, poisonous reptiles and insects, they must be hardy and, to a certain extent, brave. White men protect themselves with hard canvas leggings, not caring to step at any moment on the deadly rattlesnake. I saw one just caught, a huge one. He was about to swim across the river. They caught him with a large bag, and, secured tightly in a box with stout wire, his captivity was by no means relished. The rattles (thirteen) were going without intermission all day long.

As a rule, reptiles never attack unless disturbed. The Indian, from lifelong knowledge of the woods, knows this. At times a monster rattlesnake is shot merely for his skin and rattles, which are bought by agents who go around buying plumes, skins, teeth and any curious thing which is likely to become salable.

It is not often hunters from the North can secure an Indian as guide. Being quiet, reserved and timid of strangers, they prefer to keep together, though on meeting in the pine woods or swamps with parties of white hunters, any one is welcomed by them. Some of the native cracker-hunters speak well of them, many of the hunters going for days through trackless swamps and thick, hard undergrowth, their nights alone by a pitch pine fire, the days in sharp lookout for the many animals and birds which are there. I met one emerging from a clump of palmettos. Strung across his shoulder were the skins of many animals and hanging from his neck were the plumes of birds. He was going to exchange these trophies for numerous things he required for personal use.

Each hunter has a special preference. Some confine themselves to alligators—little ones captured for shipment as pets, large ones for the teeth and hide. There seems an astonishing amount of money made in Florida, outside its fruit, by animals, birds and reptiles; but it's the Seminole who is the prince of hunters and fishermen; it's his life work and just what he wants. As a fisherman—he does it only for pleasure and food—he needs no rods or flies, but, swiftly poling through the water, with a good stout cord and hook, in a very little time he lands all he wants. While speaking of fishing and tackle, many, or nearly all, Northern visitors take and stock themselves with lines, hooks and rods, to find them of no service whatever, being too small and too fine. It will save trouble and expense if the visitor will go down without anything, and get what he needs at a very reasonable price at the "wigwam" in Sanford, which is at the head of the Indian River. What few Indians are left seem healthy and strong. It may be many years before they are entirely gone, as there are no fears of wars with them, and no other tribes to molest them. With the whites they are on the best of terms; the only thing that will interfere will be when Florida becomes more populous and the land is reclaimed, and that at present seems no nearer (in that section) than it was thirty years ago; no roads, no railroad below Rockledge, until we reach Jupiter, and the Indian River of little use to navigation.

LOUIS J. RHEAD.

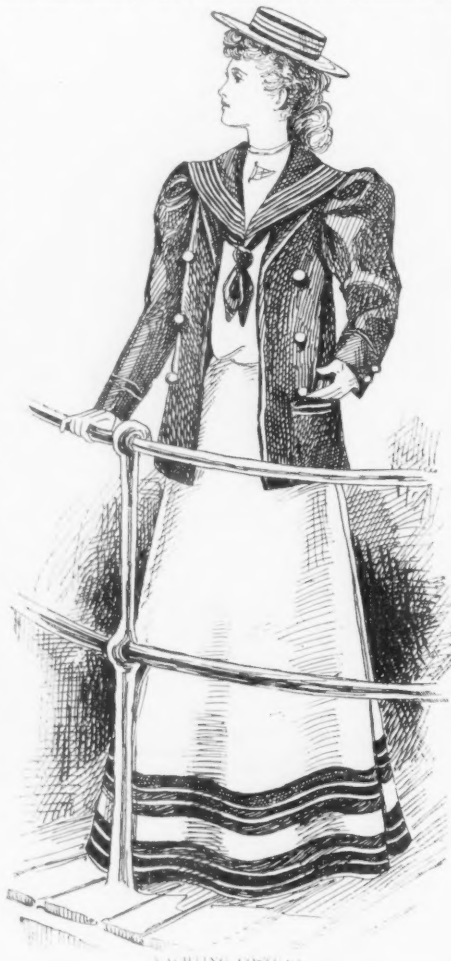
HICKS—"I should hope you would be too modest to wear a bit of silk and lace as a bathing suit."
MRS. HICKS—"What should I be afraid of?"
HICKS—"The White Caps."

WOMAN'S WORLD.

SOME women would rather die than be out of the fashion. Yet to follow the dictates of the fickle goddess supposes the purse of Fortunatus, of which, alas! few hold the strings. Numerous, therefore, are the devices by which feminine wit seeks to stretch the gingerly allowance of pin-money to the requirements of the wardrobe. But there is one point at which contrivance fails. The question of replenishing the jewel-box is simply one of hard cash. One may remake a dress or a bonnet at a pinch, but, when it comes to altering the style of a tiara or a pearl necklace, ingenuity hides its diminished head and leaves the field to the almighty dollar. There is just one resource for the unmoneyed modish woman, and, in her despair, many a one steps down to it. Tell it not in Gath; but on the fair necks and in the blonde locks of great ladies, whose position in society assures them against suspicion, nestle the glittering gew-gaws of so-called "diamond companies," and the cheap pearls and colored stones of various hues counterfeiting the real favorites of the hour. There is a temptation, no doubt, in the cheapness and suspicion-proof appearance of these baubles, but the wearing of them involves deceit, and is more than likely to bring mortification on a truth-loving woman, if, indeed, any such is ever weak enough to descend to such an expedient.

NOVELTIES OF THE HOUR.

Who can define the everlasting charm of this nautical blue-and-white? We come back to it every summer with



YACHTING COSTUME.

fresh delight and appreciation of its numerous advantages. In our heart of hearts we cherish it more than the most airy and delicate tones of the latest *fantaisies* from Paris. It is so brightly suggestive of wind and wave and the joyous freedom of life on deck! Witness the charming model of a yachting costume in the illustration. If ever a gown had power to "drive away dull sorrow," surely it is this one. And it is quite simple, made of white Irish



flax with a sailor blouse. The bodice has a double collar of white and blue of the regulation navy cut and shows a vest of flax embroidered with a club burgee on the front. The skirt, of moderate fullness, has two bands of blue flax, on which are laid narrow lines of white linen braid, making an effective trimming. The jacket, of naval shape, is of blue flax matching the trimming of the gown, and is fastened with anchor buttons. The sailor hat of coarse straw has a band of blue and white ribbon to trim it. This costume is eminently suitable for deck wear.

A charming afternoon dress has a double skirt made in a delicate shade of fawn whipcord, bordered with a band of pale blue satin and ivory-tinted lace. The full puffs of the sleeves, the *ceinture*, revers and plastron are in pale-blue satin brocaded with small

sprays of pink flowers and silver passementerie outlines the revers and cuffs.

The cape fashionable still rules the modish woman's wardrobe, but it is easy to see that its reign is tottering. The latest developments of this really useful and becoming little garment are summer wraps, reaching just to the waist, made of chiffon and lace. They are real things of beauty, but ruinously dear.

A new and pretty style of bonnet has been christened the *Eulalie capote*. A dainty one was in *Ophelia China* crape, wrought with gold and fastened under the chin with satin ribbon. It is trimmed in front with an hour-glass bow in crape, at the back of which rises a piquet of hops flanked with two gold wings resplendent with gems.

It is rumored by those that know that the autumn will usher in the good old fashion of long *peau de soie* or black satin jackets. A most graceful and becoming one was seen the other day, lined throughout with pale-blue satin. It reached nearly to the knees and was made to fasten across the chest, when closed, with one handsome Strass button. When opened it showed guipure *entre-deux* on the blue lining of the fronts, met by a full collar of *peau de soie*, edged with *entre-deux* to match, and forming a pelerine at the back. On the shoulders it fell in picturesque flutes or folds; the skirt was rather full and set in at the back in a series of fanlike plaits. The mantle was a very chic one and bids fair to become immensely popular.



JINKS—"Have you quit smoking since your wife began buying your cigars?"
FILKINS—"No; but I've quit smoking tobacco."

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ODDS AND ENDS BY CHANDOS.

It is not generally known that the sculptor, Launt Thompson, is an inmate of a private insane asylum in the interior of the State. His last work was his equestrian statue of General Burnside for the city of Providence, R. I. His absence from the funeral of his old friend, Edwin Booth, induced the conclusion that he was dead. He overworked himself on the Burnside statue. While his mental faculties have become erratic, his physical health is good.

Attempts have been made at Long Branch and other summer resorts to open theaters, but the enterprise has failed for want of patronage. People go away from the city to escape its conventionalities and consequently, first of all, don't care to go to the theater at the seaside. The open-air or canvas-roofed theater that is to be found in the summer in Continental cities might be tried here with success, certainly as long as the novelty lasts. In these open-air theaters, with the patrons smoking cigarettes and drinking wine, Ristori and Salvini have appeared. The danger to enterprises of this kind in this climate is the changeable weather. These open-air theaters are untenable in cool or rainy weather, liable to come any time here.

Mr. Bronson Howard, the Nestor of our dramatists, returns from a tour of the Pacific Slope and Alaska the most enthusiastic American imaginable. Until he took this trip he thought Continental Europe was the proper Mecca of all tourists. He says,

emphatically: "No American should go to Europe until he has seen his own country. Talk about the grandeur of the Alps—see the Yosemite, the glaciers in Alaska. As to climate, we have every climate in a few days' travel."

It is surprising that our hotels do not transform their spacious roofs into summer gardens. Under awnings meals might be served to the great comfort of the guests. The roof-gardens at several places of amusement have compelled the closing, during the season, of most of the theaters, and next year several establishments will be similarly equipped. The hotels are higher buildings than the theaters, and gardens on the roof would be very desirable retreats. A manager has offered the lessees of the Fifth Avenue Hotel a large rental for their roof for a table d'hôte garden.

There are roof-gardens for meals on several of the big apartment-houses, and the tops of many houses in the residential portion of the city have been transformed into so-called gardens, where the occupants woo the breezes on cool nights. I attended a moonlight concert on the roof of a mansion uptown on the West Side, and wondered that more roofs were not utilized. A few tubs of plants, settees, a hammock, will quickly transform the roof into a garden, and the moon will do the rest.

Many a cozy, shady retreat is to be discovered in the rear yards of homes where the occupants study comfort. A hammock swung under a tree can generally catch a

Working, Playing,

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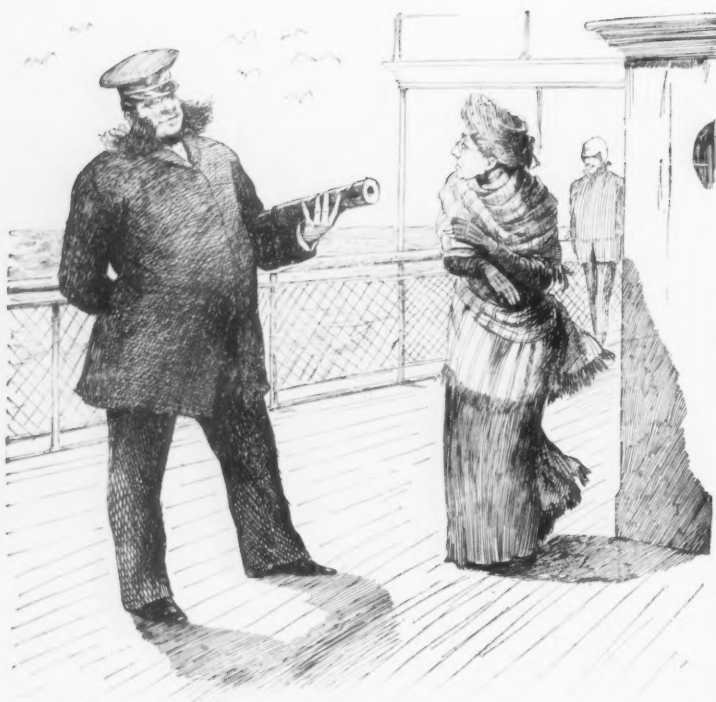
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